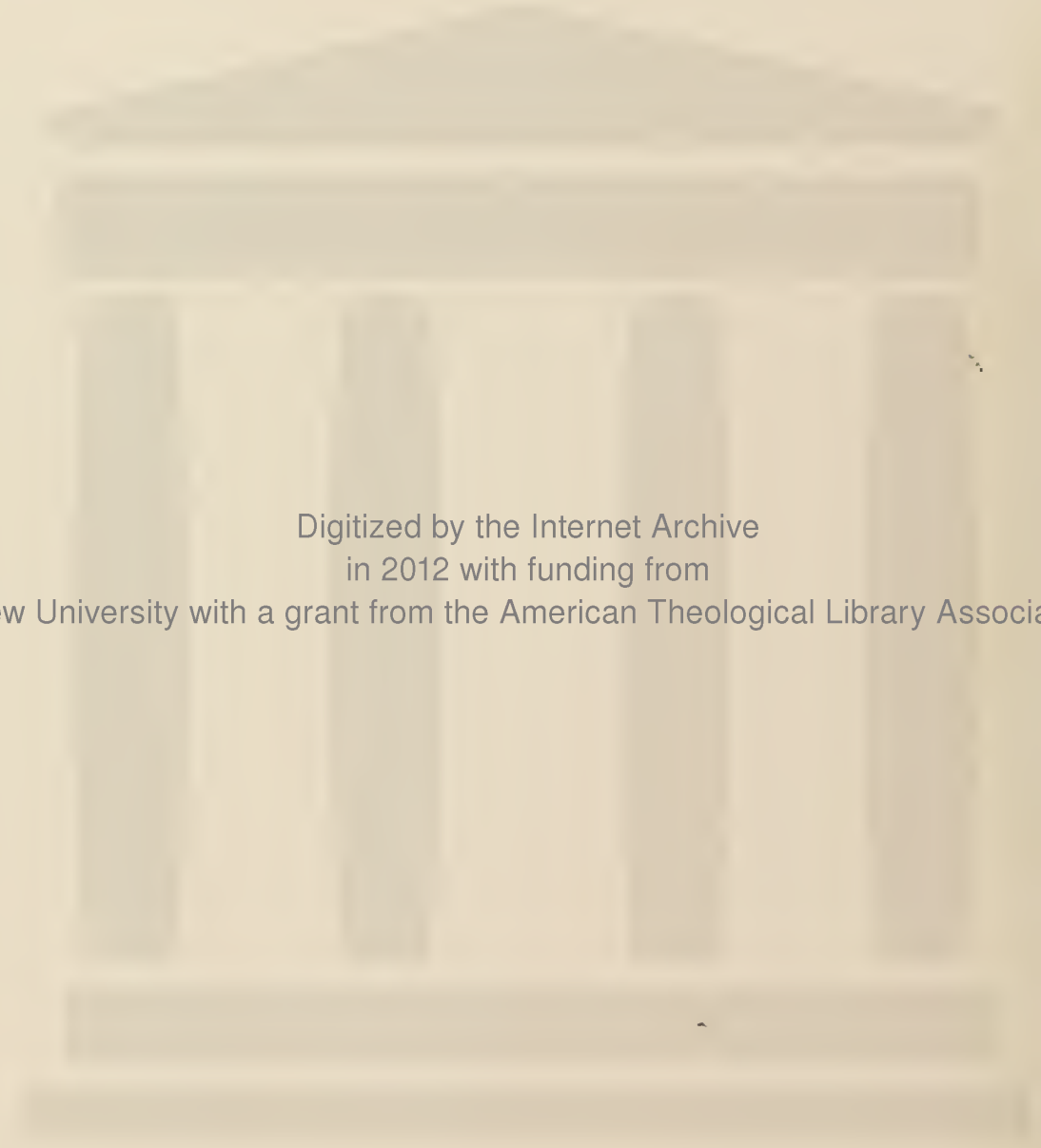

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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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APRIL 1971

Where We Are in Evangelism
Doorstep: Topeka's Ecumenical Ministry
Our Son Ran Away

m Kanuto Berquin's *Passion* [see *African Art Festival*, page 43.]

IMMORTALITY

Miracles
Are things that grow,
Frozen ground
With life below;
Spring that rises
From the snow;

Seeds of wheat
That turn to bread.
In the autumn
Leaves turn red
And fall and die,
And from their dead

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The faith I lost
Comes back to me,
Windblown, storm tossed,
Through miracles
Above all cost.

—L. J. Stout

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Jim Roberts and Norma

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W4

The central figure in a remarkable waad carving fram the Congo is that af Christ an the crass, as seen through African eyes. This is a detail fram Congolese ortist Kanuta Berquin's ***Passion***, which includes 33 figures carved into o single piece of waod. For the complete picture see this month's color sectian [page 43] with text ond pictures describing the second annual African Art Festival at Calloway United Methadist Church in Arlington, Virginia.

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Topeka's Doorstep

Text by **James W. Hoffman**
Pictures by **George P. Miller**

IT WAS on June 8, 1966, that the monster tornado roared through the pleasant, placid, prosperous-appearing capital of Kansas. Within minutes, 17 persons were killed, more than 300 others were injured; $100 million worth of property was damaged or destroyed.

The tornado also literally blasted the city's notion that since it had no visible skid rows, slums, and ghettos like those in America's largest cities, Topeka had no areas of blight.

Many of the thousands whose homes had been destroyed had no resources for feeding, clothing, and sheltering themselves. They lived in an area of "covert poverty"—it had been there all the time, but few of the community's leaders had seen it.

Once the needs of these poor were known, help poured in from all sections of the city. Among the many agencies which distributed relief, one was an infant church organization called Doorstep.

An **INTERCHURCH FEATURE** jointly prepared by **Presbyterian Life** and **TOGETHER**.—Your Editors

The first real Doorstep project was emergency relief work after the death-dealing tornado in 1966. Meeting emergency needs is still part of the ecumenical team's task. But most programs are more people oriented, as the always busy youth center (above), housed in Westminster Presbyterian Church

Doorstep was so named because—as the minister of one of the six original participating congregations put it—"We are ministering to the edge of town and around the world, but there are people at our doorsteps who also need our ministry."

Doorstep was born at Central Congregational Church, the result of a dream by Pastor Arthur H. Kolsti. Together with his associate at Central Church, David Cutting, two black ministers, Augustus J. Pearson of Shiloh Baptist and Henry C. Moore of Mount Olive Methodist, and social worker Mrs. Wilbur (Donna) Kidd, Mr. Kolsti laid the groundwork to get the organization started.

The tornado galvanized and focused Doorstep. And other church people saw how much could be accomplished by a small organization only six months old.

Today Doorstep has 20 participating Christian congregations, 18 Protestant (including Mount Olive and University United Methodist Churches, and Lane Chapel Christian Methodist Episcopal) and 2 Roman Catholic. Something of the reputation it holds in the city was suggested by businessman Warren Williams, a Doorstep board member:

"Twenty churches working together are a potent force at the county offices, the school board, and the city council. When Whalon Blackman [a black United Methodist minister] and I called at an office to request the use of a vacant lot for a playground, we were refused. But when we said Doorstep wanted it, it was done.

"The city school system has asked Doorstep to cooperate in developing a tutorial program, and I hope this materializes. When we had a school strike last spring (black students stayed home), several of our ministers were the catalyst for mediation." Later a woman told us how both white and black ministers in Doorstep had worked with parents to persuade them to send their children back to school.

Mr. Williams also cited the fact that when a new Roman Catholic archbishop was appointed, the first speech he made in Topeka was an address at Doorstep's annual meeting. He has encouraged parishes to participate in the organization even though the Catholic churches have their "Let's Help" agency, patterned after Doorstep. In Topeka, a city of recent racial segregation, many people do not know how far to trust persons of another race. But "Doorstep" has become a magic word that will open many minds and allay fears.

Doorstep's bailiwick in Topeka is a district consisting mainly of small, even tiny, single-family houses. Here, too, there are trees, grass, and flowers. But like the residents' incomes, the vegetation is less luxuriant than in other parts of the city. There is evidence of civic pride, of continual effort to keep front yards and exteriors of houses looking as fine as can be—without money. But inside many of these modest homes the meaning of "covert poverty" becomes clear.

Both blacks and whites live in Topeka's covert poverty. The black population represents only 10 percent of the city's total so most of the poor are whites.

This area, not far from the limestone domed Kansas capitol, is home for almost 24,000 people. Some 8,000

Donna Kidd, Doorstep's only full-time staffer, mixes clothes-bank work (above) with executive-council sessions (foreground below). Doorstep's president is Whalon Blackman (left rear), the pastor of Mount Olive United Methodist Church.

children (roughly half of them teen-agers) live here. There were no recreational facilities or programs before Doorstep. Nearly 300 working mothers with preschool children live here. There were no day-care centers in the area. Although 4,500 senior citizens lived here, there were neither programs nor low-cost housing provided for them by anyone before Doorstep.

Here a teen-age street fight broke out on the sidewalk outside one of the Doorstep churches. One of the ministers called together the police, the youngsters, their parents, and experts on juvenile problems to discuss the fight. In a series of four meetings this group analyzed the causes of teen-age hostility, concluding that it was picked up from the belligerence of parents toward people unlike themselves.

Ethel Mann, 93, lives alone in a tiny house. The books and furniture in her living room bespeak a background of education and comfortable surroundings. Doorstep delivers groceries to her house and takes her to the doctor or hospital when she needs to go. "Doorstep ought to be backed financially by more people," Mrs. Mann says. "I'm going to leave it something in my estate."

Two middle-aged black women, Shirley Douglas and Ruth Alexander, in another of the tiny houses, discussed Doorstep: "When I've run short of money, Doorstep has helped with food, clothes, and fuel bills. They don't ask our life history—they trust us. And that gives a person a wonderful feeling. They don't assume you're dishonest because you're poor. So people don't try to cheat. And Doorstep doesn't make hungry people wait for days to get food. It hurts when your child comes home hungry and you have nothing."

Doorstep's organization is simple and so informal that it has no offices of its own, using instead rooms in the buildings of participating congregations.

On the board of directors are ministers and lay persons from these churches. There are committees on youth, children, education, family service, and housing. But these broad headings do not reveal the variety of services and activities Doorstep conducts.

Junior and senior high-school members of the churches form councils to help plan and direct Teen Town Club and a coffeehouse called The Salt Company (now being reorganized), at Central Congregational Church.

A youth center for junior-high-age youngsters is operated in the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Summer church-camp scholarships are provided to more than 100 children, and the youth of Doorstep have sponsored three travel seminars: to eastern seaboard cities in 1968; to the West coast in 1969; to Canada in 1970. On each journey they studied the problems as well as the attractions of each area. Senior-high student Holly Stoerker says that "many kids are fantastically changed, brought out of their shells, by the seminars."

A service provided to their own city by the young people is a periodic trash pickup. Around a hundred youth pick all the litter and trash from a selected section of streets, the hope being that Topeka adults will be inspired by their example.

Doorstep's educational offering includes sewing and cooking for adults and teen-aged girls, and for adults who want to complete work for high-school certificates, volunteer teachers from the churches give instruction

Donna, who is known in the neighborhood as "Mrs. Doorstep," frequently makes house visits, too. Mrs. Ethel Mann (above), 93, wants to will her home to Doorstep. Below, Donna calls on Mrs. Shirley Douglas and Mrs. Ruth Alexander (right). The latter is chairman of the Welfare Rights Organization.

Nearly 300 working mothers with preschool children live in Doorstep territory, so a nursery was set up. There is a day-care center, also, for children like these. Both programs are conducted at Central Congregational Church. Its first preacher was C. M. Sheldon, author of In His Steps.

in science, mathematics, English, reading, and writing.

The family-service committee maintains clothing, food, and furniture banks for families known to Doorstep, and for others referred by nonchurch agencies. Doorstep helps families find child care. A day-care nursery, with a paid teacher, is operated in Central Congregational Church for the very young. Family services include transportation when none is available, getting medical care for the sick, securing the services of lawyers, and pointing the unemployed in the direction of finding jobs.

Doorstep's only full-time salaried employee is Mrs. Donna Kidd, known to both her colleagues and clients as "Mrs. Doorstep." Donna is a diminutive woman, crammed with vitality. She needs all the stamina she can muster, for she directs the complicated family-service phase of Doorstep, and personally makes the rounds of homes having problems—an average of 100 calls each month. Mrs. Kidd cares for her own three school-age children in addition.

Housing figures for 1965 (latest available) show that Doorstep's area of Topeka had 8,792 housing units, 1,468 of them deteriorating, and 277 dilapidated. In co-operation with the Topeka Chamber of Commerce, Housing and Urban Development, and the Capitol Federal Loan Association, Doorstep has initiated a program to provide low-cost housing to appropriate families. Thus far one such home has been occupied, and the immediate goal is five more.

Many of the churches in Doorstep contribute money as well as volunteer personnel to the organization's activities. Additional support comes from other churches and other sources in the city. Doorstep leaders are convinced that needs and opportunities far outrun the present scale of Doorstep's work, and they would like to range farther into other areas of the city. This aspiration would require two more full-time staff members, a headquarters building, and the expansion of virtually every phase of the project. To these ends Doorstep officials have been negotiating with mission boards of national denominations.

A number of Doorstep people feel their organization will increasingly be interested not only in filling emergency needs but also in preventing such needs from arising. Board member Warren Williams says, "Doorstep is giving Band-Aid emergency help now, but attention to social and economic problems will come. Then we may find ourselves sponsoring experimental programs. For example, instead of just giving a dependent mother money, it may be a good idea to pay her to go to school and become more self-reliant."

Minister Arthur Kolsti of Central Congregational Church predicts that Doorstep will concentrate "on structural and situational conditions that perpetuate the very problems that originally evoked the Doorstep ministry. It will seek to become a ministry of reconciliation and redemption as well as relief."

If Doorstep was in its infancy at the time of the tornado of 1966, it is now in its adolescence. Meanwhile it provides a remarkable example of people working with people across denominational lines, without waiting for official ecclesiastical unity. □

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Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance . . . her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

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Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

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Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

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What Is It Like

James M. Rogers, Jr., *was invited to dialogue, from the pulpit, with his pastor about how it feels to be a black man in a white society. A member of the predominantly white United Methodist Church of Boone, North Carolina, while working there on his master's degree at Appalachian State University, Mr. Rogers now heads the history department of Durham High School.*

Mr. Young: Dick Gregory has said, "A man without identity is like a tree without roots." I am not black, and I have a great deal of difficulty trying to understand what it is like to be a black. Can you tell us what it means to be a black today?

Mr. Rogers: It is one of the most difficult jobs in the world just living from day to day. It means to be ignored, condescended to, misunderstood, and often hated, purely because of skin pigmentation and nothing else. I have run into educated people, Christians, who treat the black man as if he were dirt under their feet. To run into this daily is more than most people can bear.

When you extend a hand to help someone and they refuse it because you are black; when a mother grabs her child from your presence for fear you will do—I don't know what; when people tuck their skirts or coats in to keep from touching you; when they get up and move from near you as if they might become contaminated; when these things happen, being black rests very heavily on your mind.

Blacks are never sure of themselves, regardless of their position in life. They know that if they don't say the right thing, if they sympathize with the wrong cause, they could be gotten rid of easily. And there is nothing they can do about it. To be black is to have a feeling of being completely helpless in a situation one didn't create. To feel completely helpless and hopeless makes one lose self-respect. One has no ambition, and he sees no reason why he should follow the rules of the society in which he lives.

It is something I must live with for the rest of my life. At times one reaches the conclusion that it is not worth the bother to continue to try. It would be so much easier to give up—to go on welfare and let everybody else take care of you since they don't seem to want you to take care of yourself as a man would like to.

Yet, despite everything that happens to black people, I wouldn't change. It gives one moments to reflect, to really look at what Christians are saying and to be humble, either by choice or by force. You either are humble or you face the consequences! Black in itself is not bad, but the way people react to blacks is very destructive.

I once wrote a whole list of reflections about things that had happened to me. And one night I woke up and wrote this: "I was happy when I awakened this morning, yet by the time I reached the music building from my apartment, I had been lynched 40 times. And this happened today." This gives you some idea what it is like.

Mr. Young: You make it quite vivid when you relate your personal experiences. I see these in relation to a

e Black?

statement which I read that "being black in our society means that your life chances, your health care are impaired from the very start." Is this the way you see it?

Mr. Rogers: I think any black parent has a fear from the beginning as to what might happen to his child before he reaches adulthood. Despite all the good things people say and all their idealism, they aren't willing to treat a black man as a fellow human because most people hate losing the favor of their peer group. They don't want to cause any unrest in the family or on their jobs. Silently, they watch the black man being destroyed. And, from birth, the black man feels this.

The black parent tells the child, "Don't do this because black people don't do this, and if you step over the bounds, you will be hurt. Though I wish dearly for you to have a life better than mine, I'd rather you stay here than go out and get hurt." As he grows older and goes to school his teacher tells him that anything in the United States is open to him, so long as he has the education, so long as he is there when the opportunity presents itself. And yet, when pushed to the line, the same teacher has to tell him that there are limits.

The fear continues when you read of people, even in this age, being lynched, homes being bombed, white adults accosting black children who are trying to desegregate schools. And note that I didn't say "integrate," I said "desegregate."

Black people, despite all the money they may have, despite all the knowledge they may have, despite all the education they may have, still fear to travel in many parts of this country because they know people react negatively to them, and they might be killed. There are places I won't go to work even though with my qualifications I probably could get a job, but I don't like the living conditions, and I am scared to take the job.

A black, from birth, thinks "inferior" for the simple reason that his parents have been so brainwashed by the theory of white supremacy that they've come to believe it, and they pass it on to their children. I can remember my grandmother saying, "If God intended things to be different, he would have allowed it. And if you wait, he will do it in his own good time."

Mr. Young: That sounds just like a white segregationist's comment, and yet you say this came from your black grandmother?

Mr. Rogers: Correct. Over the centuries and generations, and as a result of the techniques used, she has come to believe this. She has hopes for me, but she has fears. My mother feels the same way. The first three years I was in Boone, she constantly wrote saying, "What's in Boone? Why don't you come home where

The Rev. Robert T. Young *asked his black parishioner to respond, on Race Relations Sunday, to questions about his fears, hopes, faith, and experiences as a minority person. The minister believes blacks and whites must listen to each other more. After nine years in the pastorate, Mr. Young is now an assistant dean for admissions and student affairs at Duke University.*

there are more of us?" She is talking about black people. She has a distrust of whites because all the whites she has known have done something to cause this distrust, and she cannot understand why I stay here.

My friends call me "Uncle Tom" because I am still alive in Boone. For a black man to be alive in a majority white society means he must be "Tomming" it. Most blacks feel the same way. They will not go into an integrated situation because they fear for their lives, they fear for their minds, they fear for their self-respect, and they avoid the issue. From birth this is a growing thing, and it doesn't stop.

Mr. Young: I wonder if you could share with us some of your experiences since coming to Boone?

Mr. Rogers: I came in 1965. There was an apartment shortage, and for black persons it was almost impossible. I remember finally finding an apartment, in a neighborhood which I integrated, and having some of the neighbors come to my landlord and say, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for doing this to our neighborhood." Fortunately, my landlord allowed me to stay.

The first Halloween I was here a cross was set up outside my window. It looked like it had been soaked in gasoline, but it wasn't set afire. I didn't know what happened or what scared the people, but when my landlord called the police, they asked me, "Did you set this cross up? We don't have problems like that around here, and we don't want any."

One day on campus a young student, a co-ed, dropped her books and I stooped down to help. When she saw who I was, she drew back in horror. I remember walking down town and having people pull their clothing in close to keep from touching me. I have been shopping in the grocery store and have seen babies toddling along happily, walking up to me and smiling, and their parents looking at me and pulling them away as if I would explode or do something horrible.

But in Boone there have been some beautiful moments also. I remember walking into the classes which I taught and the students being very uptight, very negative. But as time passed, I watched them change their minds. Their actions became more fluid, they were more willing to understand, and this is beautiful after running into so many negative thoughts. I have met some people who have greeted me as a human being rather than as a black who just happens to be here or whom we might just tolerate since there aren't too many here. I have made some friends, and these friends have made it worthwhile.

Mr. Young: Black or white?

Mr. Rogers: Both. One of my first friends was a black, but the next two friends I made were white. This has done a lot to change my suspicion of whites. But now and then, not even they are enough to cope with the daily "put downs" I run into. It is something we must learn to live with. To run away from it, to try to escape being insulted would mean staying in one's room 24 hours a day. It would mean never venturing out, and cutting off all ambition. It would mean waiting for death to overtake one, and this is not a happy thought.

Mr. Young: Most Christians have believed or have verbalized the religious conviction which says, "God has made of one blood all persons." And yet I hear you saying your encounters would indicate that most of us really don't live what we believe. What differences do you see between the teachings of the church and the kind of actions and attitudes that you run into?

Mr. Rogers: It appears that when people think of doing Christian acts, they exclude the minority groups—not only blacks but other colored people of the world, people who are different. Christianity works so long as it is done to "one of my own kind," one of my friends, or someone I know, but it stops when it comes to extending beyond this.

In my former church, it was hell-fire religion, and you waited until death for some of the joys that one would like to enjoy in life. The ministers preached this every Sunday, and they taught of a heaven of milk and honey, of angels and archangels, and they preached "God is love" and the Golden Rule. And blacks, as a whole, live this way. I don't know if they do it because they are in a position where they cannot do otherwise, or if they really do it because of their convictions.

I have met some Christians. And I have met other people who didn't profess to be Christians but acted Christlike. Some people who profess to be Christians scare me. If the way they act is Christian, I want no part of it.

I left the church and stayed out for five years because of this. White "Christians" and black "Christians" kept me out. I realized that just because these persons claimed to be Christians didn't mean they were Christians. Then I thought that maybe I should live my life as I think a Christian should.

Mr. Young: One of the major militant leaders of the black community surprised me by expressing his confidence in the church as an instrument of hope. Speaking at a church in Washington, D.C., he said, "The church has always been a sanctuary. The church, believing that there is neither black nor white, neither east nor west, seems in our day to be one of the few places where there is still some hope for people to gain an understanding of others." Do you see the role of the church changing—becoming any more important or helpful in the process of reconciliation or redemption?

Mr. Rogers: There are people in the church who are examining themselves and deciding that maybe it is not enough to pray and to have good wishes for other people—that they must act, too. But I don't see change becoming a widespread thing. The black church has not changed, and it is losing its youth.

I separate the churches because they are two different churches. The things that we learn in the black church are not the same as what we learn in the white church. The sermons are different. They talk about the same God and the same heaven, but the ways of getting there are different. I have been in only one desegregated church, this church, for any length of time. I have spoken in desegregated churches—at least I was there—yet I still don't see a great amount of change. People's ideals are vocalized, but their actions have not followed their ideals.

People are concerned with too many other things to bother themselves with the community outside the walls of the church. There are too many little circles, too much infighting within the church. They can't really concern themselves with what is happening outside, because it takes too much effort. But it is good to speak out. The church will become more and more active in speaking out about what is happening, but how much activity? That is questionable.

Mr. Young: When you look at the

leaders of the black community, many of them are ministers who have come up through the church—Martin Luther King, Jr., David Abernathy, Jesse Jackson, and others. The most significant black leader of our generation, Martin Luther King, Jr., came through the black church. Is there any paradox or contradiction here?

Mr. Rogers: No, it is not a paradox. It is just that for a long time the only professional jobs open to blacks were those of minister, teacher, or undertaker. When people couldn't do anything else, they became preachers. They are not theologians, they are preachers. There are black theologians who are trained, but they go to the larger churches. The small churches don't get the benefit of their learning.

Not everyone the press calls a leader actually is a leader in the black community. But Martin Luther King, Jr., was a man who saw an opportunity and seized upon it and used it well. He proved that he was sincere, even though he did not lead large masses of blacks. But he was the one black who could tie all factions together and at least keep them from running away, as they seem to be doing now. He was the one black who could get things for blacks by merely promising a demonstration. His nonviolent leadership was based on Gandhi and Christ, and it was articulated in the early years of his rise. As the movement became stronger, he didn't stress this as much. Even though he may have believed it, the blacks on the whole do not.

This sounds very militant, but I congregate with young blacks more than I do with the older ones. They have seen a portion of what is possible—and they want it all. They don't want to wait for it. A leader now coming from the ministry, and preaching as Martin Luther King did, could not gain the prominence that he had.

Mr. Young: It seems that there are all kinds of crises around us—schools, housing, employment, voting rights, and others which relate to the black man. What do you see as the most important crisis in which black and white are involved?

Mr. Rogers: The crucial issue? Understanding each other! And reacting to each other as fellow human beings. Despite all the things that capture the imagination of reporters and the people you read about in the school system, the whole problem, I feel, could be resolved if people thought of the human side of one another.

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THE PEARLY GATES SYNDICATE
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bussed out of their communities." I think of all the years that black students were bussed just to get an education. To bring it right here at home, how many children in this county get up in the morning before it is light, get on the bus, and ride to the county high school to get an education and don't get home until after dark? The education is most important. There is no excuse about the busses. We don't like it, but it is necessary to get a good education, which will hopefully create understanding and make us all better people.

I think of all the other excuses people use for not doing things. There is always an underlying cause. The main one is the failure to understand the person who is different from you or the person with whom you disagree. The thing is that no one is really willing to make the first step.

I think if we all try harder to understand and stop playing up our differences, it would wipe out some of the problems. Unless this is done, I see no future for an integrated America. Actually, I don't think that integration will take place. Desegregation, yes; integration, no. And I think that if blacks continued to push integration, it would mean complete annihilation for blacks. Or, whites will reach the point where they will allow blacks to exist and to function in their own society. This is coexistence; people don't like to think this, and society will not allow it. And yet, nobody is trying to change it.

Mr. Young: Assuming that all of us here want to bring about better understanding, how do we do it?

Mr. Rogers: Those who really want to do something about it find ways to do it. I can't tell you what they do. But I can remember one person coming up to me and saying, "I want to know you better, I have heard about you." We sat down (the first time wasn't too cool) and we talked—about the blacks and whites at first, and then it expanded into other things. We learned to understand each other, to find out if we liked this community, if we had read this book, or if we liked these types of things. We found out that color wosn't so important.

This person took the initiative to come to me. I take the initiative very infrequently. I cannot walk up to a person because I am always afraid of being rebuffed, and my ego is all that I have. It keeps me going. I don't like inviting another dig at it so I don't walk up to people. If I smile, this is my encouragement. If you reject my smile, then I haven't lost as much as I would if I had made a physical contact. This is my way of doing it.

Mr. Young: What you are saying is that it is not just a racial problem. It is a problem that has to be dealt with on the personal level. This was brought home to me rather vividly as I read recently about the experience of the second heart transplant which took place in South Africa, a nation which is, perhaps, the world's most widely known advocate of segregation as official government policy. And yet the second medical miracle of our generation dealing with heart transplants took place there when the heart of a black laborer was put into the body of a white dentist.

To me this says that our physical and biological and medical practices have advanced far beyond our political and moral actions. And as Dick Gregory reminds us again, we are "our brother's brother." □

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Where We Are in Evangelism

TO MRS. Jimmie L. Powell, an Enid, Oklahoma, housewife and part-time writer, what happened in her church was like a miracle. She had always thought of evangelism as "telling the gospel to outsiders," yet here she saw a lethargic congregation being brought to life. It was a kind of revival.

The occasion was a Lay Witness Mission, which she says "is the most important thing I have ever witnessed in our church." According to Mrs. Powell, the Lay Witness Mission in Saint Luke's United Methodist Church led to the formation of small prayer groups, renewed interest in Bible study, a new willingness of members to serve, more concern for the aged, and improved finances.

The Lay Witness Mission is one sign of the increasing lay involvement in the church's evangelistic ministry. The first such mission was conducted 10 years ago in Phenix City, Alabama, led by the Rev. Ben C. Johnson. Since then hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such lay-oriented evangelistic events have been held in Protestant churches.

Encounter groups have an evangelistic purpose at Grace United Methodist Church, Long Beach, Calif., as they help members to overcome loneliness, alienation, and confusion in their lives.

Dr. Johnson, formerly a consultant to the United Methodist Board of Evangelism, now directs the Institute of Church Renewal, a private foundation in Atlanta, Georgia, which conceives, tests, and releases to churches of all denominations effective methods of equipping the laity for ministry.

He sees the most significant and exciting potential for evangelism today arising out of the laity. "Laymen indicate a tremendous hunger for a sense of security in their faith. I don't know whether that is what they ought to be looking for, but that is where they are," he says.

This new interest on the part of laymen is just one of the straws in the wind which show the direction in which the church is moving in evangelism at the beginning of the 1970s. It is a period of struggle to redefine the evangelistic task. Some of the traditional forms are being shaken off, and new stirrings have brought more lay participation, small-group evangelism, and a movement toward more ecumenical cooperation. There is also more talk of social concerns by "conservatives" and of spiritual hunger and personal religion on the part of some "liberals." But the data do not yet indicate clear directions.

In the context of the past, church historians note that the enthusiasm to evangelize is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of religions. The Wesleyan movement led to the first Great Awakening in America during the middle of the 18th century. In the second Great Awakening, which covered most of the 19th century, the camp meeting was invented as a way of getting the gospel to people in an unsettled and fast-growing nation. The revival turned into a permanent institution.

Although the mourner's bench and the sawdust trail are receding into the past, the revival concept of evangelism lingers on late in the 20th century.

Although a number of evangelistic associations thrive, many church leaders feel most forms of mass evangelism are on the decline.

These leaders are saying that the church must give up older methods

that no longer meet needs, such as the annual revival campaign and dependence upon spurts of effort. They see that all the church's ministries have significance for evangelism. Where mass evangelism has possibilities, it will take more preparation because this is a day of eye-to-eye contact, and it is easy for people to tune out.

The day of visitation evangelism may be passing. A pastor who has had many years of experience with this method and still uses it says, "The hungers and longings of people today are so profound that the visitation evangelistic approach as it usually works out in practice is not really deep enough. We send out visitors trained in the mechanics of getting a commitment, but they are not trained in the delicate matter of sharing their personal faith."

Statistically, the church has been losing ground on a worldwide basis, growing at only one tenth the rate of the total population, according to some estimates. It is a reminder that America began the 19th century with only a small minority of its population active in church life. In the generations since then, the growth-loss curves in the United States have moved up and down, with a sharp upward trend in church membership after World War II. Churches were filled, and membership increases kept pace with the nation's population growth.

Now that pattern has changed. Mainline denominations are taking their losses in membership (United Methodism down 117,850 last year), budgets, worship attendance, and church-school membership. To some observers this means that evangelism is failing because it is not increasing the number of converts. To others it means the church should reexamine its definition of evangelism.

However evangelism is interpreted theologically, most agree that it is at the center of the church's mission. Differences arise as to how far evangelism goes beyond conversion.

As far as interest is concerned, evangelism is still alive and well in big regional, national, and worldwide meetings. The first United States Congress on Evangelism, held in Minneapolis 18 months ago, drew nearly 5,000 delegates from 95 denominations. It was a direct result of the 1966 World Congress on Evangelism in Berlin. The surprise that came out of Minneapolis, according to its honorary chairman, Billy Graham, was evidence that evangelical or conservative theology can have social concerns. But many observers have not seen this go much beyond the talking stage.

A convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity brought together an unofficial assembly of 1,600 in Dallas last summer, and a second such convocation is being planned for next summer in Cincinnati, Ohio. A spokesman says, "We intend to call the whole church to a new evangelism."

New Depth of Concern

The United Methodist Congress on Evangelism held in New Orleans last January was a serious attempt to bring together persons of many evangelistic perspectives, presumably for better understanding. At the very least, the gathering of more than 2,300 diverse types showed a new depth of concern about the state of evangelism today.

Other recent meetings on evangelism have included an interdenominational Latin American Congress last fall in San Antonio, Texas; a regional interracial evangelistic congress in Kansas City, Missouri; and the ninth Inter-Varsity Christian Missionary Convention which drew more than 12,000 students to Urbana, Illinois, last December [see *Students See Evangelism Need,* March, page 21]. Looking ahead, a proposal will go to the World Methodist Council meeting in Denver next August to sponsor a global evangelism emphasis between 1971 and 1975.

At the United Methodist Congress in New Orleans, Dr. Albert C. Outler, professor of theology at United Methodist-related Perkins School of Theology in Dallas, Texas, interpreted the significance of the Wesleyan heritage for the church's evangelistic task today, stressing that evangelism is the total enterprise of the whole church. "Evangelism embraces nurture, missions, social action, lay witness—and each of these has its contribution to the Christian life of martyrdom and service," he said.

In his view, evangelism appears to be in a somewhat confused and unassessable state. In his four lectures (honoring Harry Denman, retired executive head of the former Methodist Board of Evangelism) he pointed up the new kind of person with which the church must deal today.

Interviewed to draw out some of his ideas, Dr. Outler said, "This means that the old kind of preaching based on the terror of sin and guilt in one's conscience will no longer produce the effects of an older evangelism." But the church is not yet fully aware of the new man, the Dallas theologian believes.

A third Great Awakening, he says, "will have to be different from the two previous ones in this country. But nobody yet knows how it will be different or when and where it will take place." One thing we need to recover, he says, is "the sense of the sacramental in the Protestant church in order to open ourselves to the rediscovery of the Holy Spirit." He also sees the danger that churchmen today are seeking secular substitutes for the Wesleyan concept of *holiness*—"not insufferable piety, but John Wesley's idea of Christian perfection."

"Now we are at a juncture where a great many fads and theological factions have come and gone, and there is at present no reigning theological perspective or dominant leadership in The United Methodist Church. In fact, Christendom today has a dearth of dominant organizing figures in either doctrine or statesmanship," Dr. Outler adds.

Perhaps this is one reason for the increased activity of conservative Protestants who say the "liberals" have neglected some aspects of the gospel. In United Methodism, the self-styled "evangelicals" say their voice is not being heard by the church's leadership, or in the preparation of curriculum materials and other periodicals. Some editors would contend the evangelicals have had their say.

While evangelicals are complaining about United Methodism's lack of orientation to its Wesleyan heritage, they are also expressing new dimensions of social concern. Dr. Claude H. Thompson, professor of systematic theology at United Methodist-related Candler School of Theology in Atlanta, says:

"Methodist evangelicals are committed to social revolution. Too long has there been a tragic dichotomy between evangelism and social ac-

As part of a Lay Witness Mission, Mrs. Sugar Smith (seated on floor) of St. Ann, Mo., leads a discussion in a church member's home. The group wrestles with personal problems of faith and prayer.

tion." The Rev. Charles K. Keysor, editor of *Good News,* told the Dallas convocation, "People who ignore the social responsibilities of the Christian faith are just as guilty of apostasy and heresy as those other people who have wrongly eliminated the eternal."

Edmund W. Robb, of the Ed. Robb Evangelistic Association in Abilene, Texas, says, "Evangelism is not outdated, but some evangelicals are. They are using the same tired methods and have the same attitudes that have been responsible for their failure for three generations. They continue to live in a spiritual ghetto and proclaim the gospel in the captivity of the sanctuary. Evangelical activists must act. They must develop new methods and enlightened progressive attitudes. It is indispensable that they understand the world they live in and the great movements of our time."

But he adds, "In our desire to be creative and to break out of rigid attitude toward communicating the gospel we must not 'throw the baby out with the bath water.' It is the good news of Christ's life, death, burial, Resurrection that we proclaim with all its implications. The message is changeless, but evangelicals must use the language that is understood by contemporary man."

If conservatives who are talking in terms of the relevance of evangelism to social ills are not getting much beyond words, the fact that they are using the "right words" may be more significant than many liberals are willing to admit, says Dr. Outler. "Some can't bring themselves to believe that renewal can come from the right, but we may presently see some real difference in their actions. I know of evangelicals in Dallas who have helped more in the war on poverty than have the professional social activists."

One problem may be that both the left and the right need to update their theology. Says Dr. Outler: "We are at a place where the church could become polarized between the establishment struggling to maintain itself within the ideology of 19th-century liberalism, and a new kind of evangelical fervor trying to assert itself on the basis of a 19th-century fundamentalism. If we should drift apart in this way, a newly evangelical Catholicism could be the wave of the future in evangelism."

The Role of Small Groups

Among other developments, the small-group movement is taking on new importance for evangelism. Walter M. Albritton, Jr., of the United Methodist Board of Evangelism staff, says, "I believe that people are hungry for loving relationships. I don't think they are going to survive in the various social ministries out in the world unless they have some supportive relationship within the fellowship of the congregation from which they can draw strength for these ministries. The small group offers the opportunity for this *koinonia* to be experienced."

The Rev. Stanley C. Brown, of Grace United Methodist Church in Long Beach, California, is one pastor who has found this to be so. "I have seen more persons open their lives to Jesus Christ in two years of encounter groups than in standard evangelistic efforts during the same period of time," he says.

He attributes this to the fact that

"a number of people come to encounter groups who feel the loneliness, the alienation, and the confusion in their lives and are searching for a fellowship, yet they are not willing to enter into the normal activities of the church. Our immediate goal is to encourage people to be more open. The Holy Spirit can work better in this setting than in some others in which we are not truthful with each other," says Mr. Brown.

A variation of the small-group encounter, used by the Rev. Kenneth R. Arthur, Jr., while pastor of the United Methodist Church at Watsontown, Pennsylvania, is a plan of "fireside evangelism." Host families in the church invite active and inactive members into their homes nightly over a three-week period for dialogue sessions about personal commitment and mission. "Through this method we reached inactive members much more successfully than through any other method we tried. The inactive people were on neutral ground. No one criticized them, and it was easier for them to come back to church."

The active new role laymen are taking in evangelism has a "risky" aspect, says the Rev. H. Thomas Walker, superintendent of Northwest District of the Minnesota Conference and a former Board of Evangelism staff member. "Laymen are becoming more aware of the worth of the message of good news, and they are going about expressing it. Of course there are risks because they cannot be controlled by the institution in what they say."

But ministers are seeing that laymen can get to laymen in ways that ministers cannot through preaching alone. When a layman can say that Christ has changed his life and tell about it simply and directly, it carries an impact which preaching by a professional seems to lack.

Commenting further on where we are in evangelism today, Dr. Walker says, "We are still trying to stage events. Evangelism must come out of the life of a people. In our time, the church seems unsure of the value of its message. Evangelism is the expression of the good news in all life, rather than a particular format. It is a climate, rather than an event.

Another significant area of development is in ecumenical evangelism. A major plan for co-operative outreach of the churches called Key '73 will reach a climax in 1973. For the first time, such diverse groups as Lutherans, Baptists, and United Methodists are co-ordinating evangelistic approaches on a large scale in the United States and Canada.

Denominations Co-operate

Nearly 50 denominations already are co-operating in plans for overall promotion of the concept, development of resources, and sharing of information. Each church still determines the precise form of its own participation without being bound by what other denominations do.

The Rev. Joe Hale of the United Methodist Board of Evangelism staff says, "I hope we can dissolve the airtight compartments of faith-orientation versus issue-orientation." And he adds, "Key '73 will create a framework for a wide range of evangelistic activity—both traditional and highly innovative in style. Maybe a new concept of evangelism will emerge. We hope to make an impact on this entire continent."

A youthful view of the state of evangelism comes from Kathy Rohrer, an Emory University student who represented youth at the 1970 annual meeting of the Board of Evangelism: "Evangelism is concerned not only with conversion of infidels but also with renewal and revitalization of a much too stagnant church. The true significance of Christ is that one Being, both God and man, was able to show the rest of us what the true values of life are.

"These values are not two cars in the garage and thousands of troops stationed around the world. They are not the ability to make a quick profit or even to cheat the federal government out of money that it misuses anyway. They are love and peace. Change is what evangelism is about—changing life from a very meaningless jungle to something worth doing."

Some ministers see evangelism going on when the church is present in places of need, through community organization and witness in problem areas. Says the Rev. Martin L. Deppe, associate minister of First United Methodist Church of Evanston, Illinois, and a member of the United Methodists for Church Renewal: "When the church opens its doors to a drug-rescue mission and works with people of the LSD culture, that is evangelism. Church people need to move out into the secular struggles of life, but in the context of faith and concern. We must do it in the name of Jesus. I think the state of evangelism is healthy today and is now taking on new forms."

There is much agreement that evangelism today must deal with the total human situation and not just a part of life. More emphasis is being put on the effectiveness of evangelism in terms of committed Christians going out from the church fellowship into their vocations, to campuses, in neighborhoods, among both friends and strangers. "A sound theology of evangelism must be concerned with unshackling men's bodies, minds, and spirits," writes Dr. Donald G. Miller, president of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary.

If nobody is sure of the direction in which evangelism is headed, there is no question that much is stirring. All the signs are that it may be in the process of taking on a new vitality in the history of the church. People are seeing that evangelism is not something to be put into a separate compartment in the church. It is not just an activity engaged in by a certain group of persons on a specified Tuesday night of the month. Rather, it is a stance that has significance for all the church's ministries.

The task of evangelizing now is different from what it was 15 or 25 years ago, and its methods will have to be different; but what the church has to offer is the same. A part of the redefinition of evangelism, says Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel, general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Evangelism, "is the challenge to be open to the ways of the Holy Spirit so that Christianity in the United States will not become merely a folk religion as it has in every other nation in which it has become dominant."

In Dr. Outler's view, "The genius of Christian evangelism, over the ages and around the world, has been its flexibility, its power to adapt its message and methods to emerging mindsets, without compromising the vital core and without needless emphasis on time-bound theological opinions." This will be the test in the years ahead. —*Newman Cryer*

NEWS

' LINE' ENVISIONED TEACHER QUERIES

dded by decreasing sales, e d Methodism's curriculum y at its recent annual meeting red means of faster communi- with those having questions curriculum.

Board of Education's Division rriculum Resources said it may an "instant communication" one line. On it local churches phone in inquiries about ed curricula.

division also said it may y more field staff for curricu- nterpretation.

eady available through the 's Division of the Local Church computerized service on in- ions in religious education. churches may mail inquiries using key words such as ing" or "elementary" or ner," receive computerized f a variety of reports by mail a day or so. Each inquiry $3.

jor concern at the curriculum- on meeting centered on the church because of decreasing ulum circulation and some m of materials. United Meth- curriculum suffered an overall ition decrease of 15 percent 1968-69 to 1969-70.

n effort to offset the loss, the on authorized a new guide to urch-school teachers on how e curriculum resources and t ways for more skillful g of teachers.

le acknowledging the cir- n drop, the manager of lum-producing Graded Press d out that circulation de- s have "generally paralleled" ng church-school attendance he mid-1960's.

emphasis was placed on ation and change. In spite ised educational materials been issued on all age over the past decade, the n agreed that there must be ed review and adaptation to meet changing needs and new educational media.

Division officials said that United Methodist materials are being used beyond the denominational framework. Cited were youth and adult materials approved for use in unified curriculum programs at church schools related to military installations and adaptations for use in United Presbyterian church schools.

Home from Liberia after three weeks come 15 youth from the Fort Wayne, Ind., area. They went as part of a Project: Mustard Seed program initiated by Leo (Ind.) United Methodist Church. The visit, during which the youth joined with Liberian youth in work teams—landscaping a camp, laying water pipe to a mission—stemmed from a 1968 visit to Leo by United Methodist Bishop S. Trowen Nagbe, Sr., of the Monrovia Area. The trip was financed by contributions from several congregations.

DOCUMENT DRAFTERS EYE EARLY 1972 COMPLETION

A new statement of social principles for United Methodists, a new outline of structure for the denomination's general boards and agencies, and an updated statement of United Methodist doctrine are all still very much in the draft-discuss-redraft-rediscuss stage.

This became clear when the three commissions created by the 1968 General Conference to study these issues met together and in separate sessions in the Chicago area.

The three groups said they expect to have reports ready in early 1972 to submit to the April 1972 General Conference. Advance copies will be mailed to General Conference delegates and other officials.

The reports on social principles and structure are expected to be final versions, while the doctrinal studies commission is expected to present a progress report and a request that such a commission be continued through 1972-76.

All three commissions have sought and received comments and documents from across the church. The Social Principles Study Commission revealed at its Chicago meeting that it had some 200 responses to its question. "If you could write a statement of social principles for The United Methodist Church, what would you write?"

The commission also said it has retained Dr. Alan Geyer, United Methodist and editor of *The Christian Century* magazine, to draft a first version of a new statement of social principles. Dr. Geyer shared the first two sections of a proposed seven-section statement with the commission, both of them in prose poem form.

The Structure Study Commission decided to rename tentatively what it had earlier called a General Council in a proposed new United Methodist general structure. A new working name is the Council on Ministries and Administration. It is expected to be given some duties of the General Conference as assigned by the denomination's highest legislative body.

The Theological Study Commission on Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards indicated that its 1972 report will be in two parts. One would be a statement of the place of doctrinal formulation in the history of The United Methodist Church. Another would be a short statement on the theological norms and central emphases of United Methodism.

UMCOR BECOMES CHANNEL TO U.S. MEN IN CANADA

Are U.S. draft evaders and military deserters in Canada "refugees"?

After lengthy debate on this and related questions, the United Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief (UMCOR) decided at its recent annual meeting that it will aid these men, refugees or not.

UMCOR agreed to channel funds given by individuals or groups but will not use any of its own funds. Gifts will be sent through the World Council of Churches (WCC) to the Canadian Council of Churches for emergency and chaplaincy services to U.S. "refugees" in Canada.

Debate included the issue, Does the church support only those whose actions are approved? Several UMCOR members said "No," including Bishop J. Gordon Howard of the Philadelphia Area.

An admitted conservative, Bishop Howard saw the UMCOR effort as "a way to help people in need."

"We don't always pry into people's politics," added the bishop. "We provide chaplains to prisons without approving what the prisoners did. We have sent missionaries to help people who do things we don't approve. These men are in Canada for various reasons, but they need help."

Last year UMCOR helped some 5.5 million people in 57 countries through disbursements of $2.15 million. Gifts, spurred by response to the devastating Peruvian earthquake and the East Pakistan cyclone, brought UMCOR's 1970 income to $2.36 million, highest in the agency's 30-year history.

At its meeting UMCOR also approved new allocations of $495,067, a large part of which will be used in refugee programs.

One official told the committee that churches have displayed a kind of "compassion fatigue" for refugee programs. He added, however, that there are more than 17.2 million refugees across the world.

Eyewitness accounts of some of the world's most troubled spots were featured at UMCOR's meeting. These included:

Middle East—J. Richard Butler, a WCC executive with 10 years experience in Jerusalem, noted that 1.4 million Palestinians are registered with the United Nations as refugees. He added that there are many others who do not fit precise definitions of refugees, and he urged churchmen to continue rehabilitation support in Jerusalem.

He also called upon Christians to try to stamp out anti-Arab and anti-Muslim bias as well as anti-Jewish bias. Christians should serve as reconcilers for the Arab-Jewish conflict, he concluded.

Viet Nam—The Rev. Russell Kleinbach of Baltimore, Md., just returned from community work in Viet Nam, said the South Vietnamese government is not reducing the number of refugees but is merely reclassifying them by moving people from the northern area to the Mekong delta for security or "for their control." Thus, he told UMCOR, they are cutting out aid programs because, on paper, there are fewer refugees.

Caribbean—UMCOR projects in Haiti and Anguilla are directed toward providing such medical services as tetanus shots and dental work.

Dr. Michael C. Watson of Bamberg, S.C., who recruited 13 doctors to spend two weeks each in Anguilla, said even the rich in Haiti are poor and that half of the country's newborns don't live to their third birthdays.

CENTURY CLUB

One of our new Century Club members, Mrs. Alice Sprague, thought the fuss over her 100th birthday was "silly," explaining that no one fussed over her Revolutionary ancestor who lived to be 102.

Mrs. Lorena Corsaut, 102, Hutchinson, Kans.

Mrs. Amelia Dreesen, 100, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Ella Gish, 100, Keokuk, Iowa.

Mrs. Lizzie Randall, 100, Greensburg, Kans.

Mrs. Ella Seider, 100, Newark, N.Y.

Edith Skilton, 100, Prospect, Conn.

Mrs. Lena Smith, 100, Albia, Iowa.

Mrs. Alice Sprague, 100, Lockport, N.Y.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church and location where a member.

'MOTIVE' MAGAZINE CUT UNITED METHODIST TIES

By mutual agreement, one ne time United Methodist perioc will leave the denominat n "family" soon. Meanwhile an h periodical is seeking reade h outside the usual church-circul io circles.

motive magazine, publishecu der former Methodist and lo United Methodist auspices, wilb come an independent corpor.io July 1, setting its own policies ir directions.

motive is aimed primarily c o ecumenical-student audience. soon-to-cease sponsor is the Bo of Education's Division of Hih Education. The division's 1969 nual meeting voted financial s port for the magazine for an h three years with instructions n "an ecumenical home" be sou h

The magazine's editor, Robe Maurer, acknowledged the o risk" of the magazine's co n independence but said he hoe financial support would come o other agencies within the den nation, other denominations, in possibly some foundations.

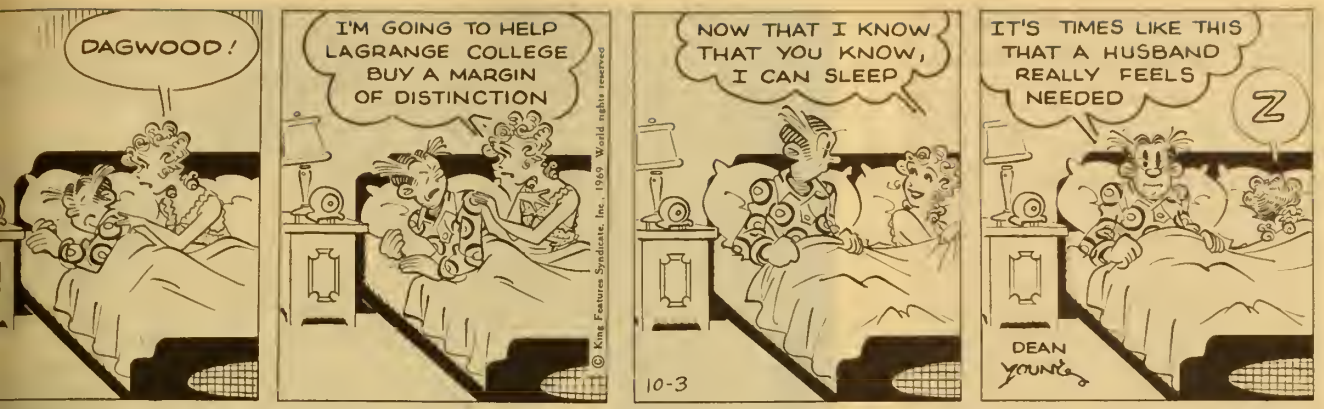
motive was begun in 1941 by h Methodist Student Moven n Several members of the pres sponsoring division urged or tinued relationship between th church and the publication ot in spirit and financial support.

Also seeking a new home, sort, is *New/World Outlook*, ub lished jointly by the United Meto ist Board of Missions and a Ure Presbyterian mission agency. It n two other publications, *Cath World* and *Dimensions in Amera Judaism*, have formed a grou t encourage professional perso— doctors, lawyers, dentists, accon ants—to place copies of their di tions in waiting rooms as a step to ward interreligious understancig

The project, known as Pres sionals for Interfaith Leadersip offers professional persons a yer subscription to the three magazie at almost $4 less than sepcte subscriptions.

In other United Methodist pb lishing news, Abingdon Press n nounced it will release in Septeie a 1,408-page *Interpreter's* (ie *Volume Commentary on the Bibl*

The volume, seven years in preparation, has involved 70 Ist estant, Jewish, and Roman Catl lic scholars. The general editor is Dr. Charles Laymon, United Methcis and chairman of the departmeo religion at Florida Southern Colle e



Nonplussed though a slightly stunned Dagwood Bumstead may be, his famous wife, Blondie, can sleep peacefully now that she's decided to help United Methodist-related LaGrange College in LaGrange, Ga. The school called on one of its alumni, Dean Young, son of the cartoon strip's creator, Chic Young, to draw this special promotion piece which was mailed to some 2,000 prospective donors and 4,000 alumni. The 140-year-old school is seeking contributions to its "Margin of Distinction" campaign goal of 9 million to double student enrollment and faculty, enlarge the library, and add buildings.

GARET MEAD SAYS TH BUILD MISHMASH

rgaret Mead's recent charge outh are rejecting organized on and creating their own nash seemed suspect along- ctions by the United Methodist il on Youth Ministries YM).

eaking recently at a campus- dialogue at the University of Island, Dr. Mead blamed the ban church of the 1950s and -the suburban social organi- s, as she called them.

ents moving out of the "joined the suburban churches ynagogues so their children get into dancing class. Now children are dancing right out urch," she charged.

Mead said she doubted er anyone ever "learned reli- feeling in Sunday schools," she said only reinforce the image of the church.

church has produced a gen- n "with no access to historical on," claimed the anthropolo- nd sociologist. "Young people to build a new religious nent, but they lack the liturgy, , imagery of the historical ."

nt now, contended Dr. Mead, are building a "mishmash every religion that ever d." Recent UMCYM actions, er, contradicted her charge. 1970 General Conference over to UMCYM the previ- dult-administered Youth Ser- und. Along with the fund continued arrangements for nd to be supported by youth utions.

In those contributions decreased in 1970, the new proprietors found themselves with a dilemma—to finance their bureaucratic institution or to support needy projects already designated for UMCYM help.

The youth voted to continue funding some 28 projects for 1971. To do it they cut some of their meager salaries altogether, decreased others, cut operating expenses, and, in their words, "gave the church a life-style to follow."

UMCYM received $255,780 in 1970. Officers said they need $270,000 for the 28 committed projects in 1971 and another $70,000 for reduced operations and a promotional program.

UNIQUE HAWAII SCHOOL READIES FIRST GRADS

Hawaii Lao College, unique in its relationship to four Protestant denominations, has 27 candidates for graduation in its first senior class this summer.

The school, on the island of Oahu, operated three years in temporary quarters before opening its first building last fall, a $3.4 million, three-level academic center. It expects to have dormitories by September, 1972.

The four-year coeducational liberal arts school is related to the United Methodist, United Presbyterian, United Church of Christ, and Episcopal Churches. The four denominations pledged $850,000 "seed" money to the school, and the United Methodist Boards of Missions and Education have completed a $266,000 pledge in the past five years.

UNITED METHODIST 'TOOL' FOR COCU STUDY COMING

More time and a new tool are available for United Methodists to study and respond to the Plan of Union devised by the Consultation on Church Union.

A leader's kit geared to specific concerns United Methodists are expected to have about the plan is being released April 1 by the Board of Education's Division of Curriculum Resources.

The kit includes a copy of the plan, a general interpretive booklet, posters showing structures in the proposed Church of Christ Uniting, and 40 minutes of recorded comment by church leaders. The kit will be listed among United Methodist curriculum materials available for the summer quarter and is priced at $3.75.

The 25 million members of the nine denominations which the consultation proposes to unite into one church have until June 1, 1972, to comment on the plan.

The consultation recently announced that its 1971 plenary meeting will be delayed from the spring to September 26-30 in Denver, Colo., so churches can conduct studies this spring and summer on the plan.

COCU's general secretary, Dr. Paul A. Crow, Jr., said, "Participation of people in the local pulpits and pews in the development of the plan at this stage is vital. We want them to have every moment possible to study and respond."

HEAR OBSCENITY REPORT FAIRLY, CHURCHMEN PLEAD

Several religious groups were among 25 national organizations that signed an appeal recently far a "full, fair hearing" and "even-tempered dialogue" on the report of the President's Commissian on Obscenity and Pornagraphy, released last October.

Amang these were the National Cauncil af Churches, the American Jewish Committee, and the Unian of American Hebrew Cangregatians. Nonreligiaus organizations included the National Education Associatian and the American Federatian af Teachers.

Issued thraugh the nanprofit Natianal Book Committee, the appeal said that not all signing graups agree an the commission's prapasals but that all 25 deplore criticism based an "preconceived premises and persanal attacks" an the cammissianers (all but ane appainted by farmer President Lyndon Jahnson).

The statement urged that those wha debate the report "should read it—and deal with its specific findings and recommendatians."

Widespread criticism befare and after the repart's release came fram several persans including churchmen and congressmen. President Nixan called it "morally bankrupt."

Accarding to the graup's statement the cammissian did nat recammend, as some critics charged, apening "the flaadgates for a wave of obscenity to engulf the public." Thev urged seriaus, ratianal debate an this social questian and nated that the research itself was a "praisewarthy contributian to public understanding."

One propasal evaking much criticism was to abalish laws barring distribution and sale af parnographic materials to cansenting adults. Federal law enables nonconsenting adults ta place their names on a special Past Office list. Firms specializing in sexual materials must buy this list and may not send "sexually ariented" advertising ta anyone whase name has been on the list far 30 days. Vialators can be fined $5,000 and sentenced to up to five years in prison.

Pastal officials estimate that abaut 35 parnagraphic firms, mainly in Los Angeles and New York, use the mails far advertising. They expect mailers to seek a caurt test of the law.

Another commissian named by Mr. Jahnson in 1967 has recammended taugher penalties af up to seven years imprisonment and fines af $5,000 for smut peddlers whase material is likely ta be seen by youth under 18 and nancansenting adults.

In addition this group, the Natianal Commission on Refarm of Federal Criminal Laws, would make passessian of marijuana an "infractian" subject ta a fine but never jail or prison. It wauld, hawever, impase heavy punishment an "pushers."

The cammission also recammended that the death penalty be abalished far federal crimes.

Five dentists participate in a free dental clinic for financially disadvantaged youth established recently in the church-school building of Saugerties (N.Y.) United Methodist Church. The clinic is open three days a week, with case loads averaging 30-40 students per week on referral from school nurses and a neighborhood center. Volunteers provide transportation; the church underwrites utility expenses.

UNITED METHODIST GIVING HITS RECORD $45.5 MILLION

Giving of United Methadists to their denamination's worldwide benevalent and administrative pragrams in 1970 reached a record $45,597,287. The amount is 6.24 percent abave similar giving in 1969.

Warld Service, the basic benevolence fund, claimed the largest share af the tatal—$22,412,126. Althaugh 10 percent belaw the anual gaal of $25 million, the figure is an increase of 0.65 percent over 1969.

Making the biggest gain among the denominatian's 15 general funds was the Race Relations offering, up 35 percent fram 1969's total af $625,541.

Suffering the biggest lass was the Fund for Recanciliation with $1,811,106, a decline of 28 percent below 1969. Some $9 million of the four-year gaal of $20 millionhas been given since the middle of 1968.

The recard giving in 1970 was the result af heavy increases in Overseas Relief Advance Specials up 24.21 percent with a total of $1,384,318, and the Race Relations offering. In addition, the 1970 total included a new item af $3,57[illegible] far ministerial educatian.

General Treasurer R. Eric Brawner expressed pleasure over the results. "When yau consider the general econamic picture during 1970, and the tensians in the nation and in the church, the 6 percent increase in total giving represents a remarkable devotion on the part of United Methodists," he said.

Not included in the figures are tatals for local and annual conference level benevolences, pastors' salaries, and local church administration.

Conciliar Groups Plunge On

ntroversy is no stranger to r the National Council of ches (NCC) or the World Council Churches (WCC), and recent ns by both groups indicated rospect of change.

e NCC had been rather widely cted to move this year toward ore decentralized structure. A force appointed in January, , submitted a restructure el recently calling for radical on of NCC operations.

ore decentralization, it was felt ome, would encourage such nonmember groups as the ern Baptist Convention or the ran Church-Missouri Synod to cipate in selected NCC pro- s. Selective participation was ave been one feature of de- alization without endangering NCC's continuing membership tiations with the Roman Cath- Church.

an interview following the ary meeting which rejected ntralization, NCC President nia Wedel said the proposed ntralized structure was strongly sed by representatives of six ominantly black denominations e NCC.

ey believe they have a good air hearing in the present NCC ure and feel this might not ue in a new organization, Mrs. el said.

e said NCC-Roman Catholic eration is growing "by leaps bounds" and that high-level ersations are going on about wo groups forming a new nization.

C General Secretary R. H. n Espy said in a separate inter- that Roman Catholic member- would not be ruled out by ng a centralized, "advocacy" nization. On the contrary, he "I think the Catholics will be interested if the NCC proposes rganization which can deal sly and effectively with com- concerns than if the structure ows this responsibility."

Espy added that he did not that the trend toward cen- ition would make conservative elical denominations any less sted in conciliar affiliation.

NCC's General Board was t its meeting that NCC operat- come dropped by 2.63 percent arly $500,000 in 1970. About alf the NCC's $18.4 million e was from the 33 Protestant Orthodox churches holding NCC membership. Another 30 percent came from individuals, foundations, and corporations, and 20 percent from earnings.

A report presented to the General Board said lay people feel "abandoned by the church" in their daily lives. This was based on two years of listening to 400 participants in 23 locations.

The lay-listening study chairman, Dr. James Kuhn of Columbia University, criticized all levels of the church for failure to serve laymen. "In their minds the church is the minister and the activity is the local church building, and anything beyond that is pretty dim."

While the NCC endured some disagreements over structure and some discomfort over lagging finances, the WCC reported that it, too, is short of operating funds but it declared its intent to move farther with a controversial program to combat racism.

The WCC's Central Committee, meeting in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, endorsed the action of its executive committee which last fall granted $200,000 to 19 organizations fighting racism. Among the 19 were several groups in white-dominated southern Africa which have resorted to arms in the struggle for justice for black Africans.

The Central Committee then voted to extend its antiracism program by soliciting funds for future grants and for a research program that would attempt to document the extent of racial discrimination from Australia to Zambia.

United Methodists, through their Board of Missions, have contributed $50,000 to the WCC special fund to combat racism.

The WCC, like the NCC, is carrying on membership discussions with Roman Catholics. Hesitancy on the Catholics' part was evident when a Vatican official told the WCC Central Committee:

"We need that common experience which is being provided . . . by the co-operation which is presently taking place, and which assumes various forms. Experience of this sort cannot be gained in a day."

WCC leaders were told that the world council's general budget ended 1970 with a deficit of some $50,000. Nevertheless a $1.4 million budget was authorized for 1971 at a $70,000 deficit. Expenditure limitations and a search for new income were urged.

United Methodists in the News

Dr. **Arthur S. Flemming**, prominent United Methodist layman and former president of the National Council of Churches, has announced plans to retire as president of Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn., by August 31.

Superintendent of the United Methodist Sierra Leone Conference, the Rev. **B. A. Carew**, has been honored by Queen Elizabeth II with an Order of the British Empire decoration in recognition of his "long and devoted service in the teaching profession."

Named 18th president of United Methodist-related Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio, was Dr. **Thomas J. Kerr IV**. He succeeds retiring Dr. **Lynn W. Turner**.

Dr. **Albert C. Outler**, professor of theology at Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, became the first non-Catholic to assume the president-elect post in the American Catholic Historical Association. He will serve as vice-president this year and assume the presidency prior to January 1, 1972.

Two members of First United Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas, assumed presidencies of two medical associations. Installed as president of the Dallas County Medical Society was Dr. **H. C. Henderson, Jr.**, while **Ralph Barnette, Jr.**, administrator of Timberlawn Psychiatric Hospital, is new president of the Dallas Hospital Council.

Lovick Pierce, retired president and publisher of The Methodist Publishing House, has been elected chairman of the board of Aurora Publishers, Inc., a new publishing firm in Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. **Frederick P. McGinnis** resigned as president of Alaska Methodist University to become state commissioner of health and welfare.

DEATHS: the Rev. **Pierce Harris**, 75, lecturer, author, and widely known former pastor of First United Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga. . . . Dr. **John O. Gross**, 76, former president of Union and Simpson Colleges and former head of what is now the Division of Higher Education in the United Methodist Board of Education.

Recession or Resurrection?

IS RELIGION moving into a recession in America? Many people say so.

One prominent church leader openly states, "We're having the worst recession in 25 years and I don't see any recovery in sight." Although the speaker happened to be an Episcopalian, church executives of many other denominations echo his gloomy evaluation.

Various indicators of religious interest do demonstrate definite declines. Enrollment in the Sunday church school has slipped steadily for at least half a decade. Circulation of practically all church publications continues to slide. Church membership generally is going down and even the atypical growth rate of the Southern Baptists for the first time slowed to less than the percentage of national population increase.

The Gallup Poll indicates that church attendance peaked in 1958 with about half of the population turning out for worship services on any given Sunday. There has been a steady decline ever since, with last year's figure at only about 40 percent.

Several major denominations are experiencing extreme polarization of almost schismatic proportions. Their plight is reflected in drastic decreases in income to meet national church budget askings. The United Methodist Church has fared better than many denominations. But while giving to United Methodist general causes did actually show a small increase last year (6.24 percent), it fell significantly short of meeting missional needs and only about maintained the actual level of giving because of the decreasing value of the dollar.

In addition to the unfavorable economic climate of 1970 as a factor affecting church income, it is apparent that more laymen are "voting their pocketbooks" by withholding support from programs they feel they cannot endorse.

All these matters rightly cause us serious concern in the church. They should move us to analyze carefully the various possible causes and to evaluate rigorously what we have been doing as a church. But they should not cause us to push the panic button and too quickly to throw over all the innovative church programs which often receive slim support only after the more traditional forms of church work are fully funded.

Beyond this is the recognition that a great deal of contemporary religious interest is expressed through other than traditional church channels. It is difficult to measure the extent of noninstitutional Christianity today, but there can be no doubt there is much reality in phenomena such as the "underground church," the so-called "Jesus freaks" in the hippie communities, and many other unorganized or independent charismatic movements.

In too many instances the church has failed to minister to the spiritual hungers of persons who then have looked beyond the traditional structures for a faith and a fellowship to sustain them in a complex modern world. reality of that spiritual quest is reflected in the contem rary arts. Who would have guessed a year ago, instance, that current musical hits would include s diversities as the rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*, or traditional gospel song, *Amazing Grace*, reinterpreted Judy Collins?

Chad Walsh in his book *God at Large* (Seabury Pr $3.95) observes that many young people are intere in religious traditions that are far removed in ethos sensibility from the cheerful rationalism of the "sec city" approach.

Without minimizing the importance of rationa morality, and justice, Walsh sees a dimension the chu has largely lost to its own impoverishment. He s "The old Christians were right when they insisted though they were in the world, they were also citiz of another world. A foothold outside of time, outside space as we know it, is the surest foundation for ope ing with bravery and good humor and intelligence in the ordinary world. We need a God who is not me identified with the human beings He has created with their cities, but who also transcends them and t cities; a God whose purposes are wider—and wilde than the perfection of the secular city."

The strange paradox is that today, while the chu is preoccupied with the secular world, it is sufferin "recession" and the secular world at the same tim experiencing a "resurrection" of religious interest—u outside the traditional institutions of the church. might indicate that the church needs to recapture distinctive Word to speak to the deepest needs of m

Walsh states, "In every period religion is tempted follow the lead of secular society and try to outdo Perhaps the church has been thus seduced over the st number of years. While it must never seek to escape Christian imperative to social action, whenever the chu fails to deal with the basic spiritual needs of persons is guilty of promoting only half a gospel—one that eventu ly fails because it is incomplete. What is needed i church in mission, both "evangelical" and "relevant" o employ two much-abused words). The church mst awaken to the fact that it needs both activists and pietis Moreover, they desperately need each other.

Tempting as it may be, this is not an hour for chur men to sit about complaining about their hard tim Rather, it is an hour to seek diligently to discover h best the church can creatively minister to persons a to society in such a day as this.

Surely this will involve risks. But, in keeping with ancient gospel of its Lord, the church may find that su a course also holds promise of resurrection.

—*Your Edi*

GARDEN of the Bible

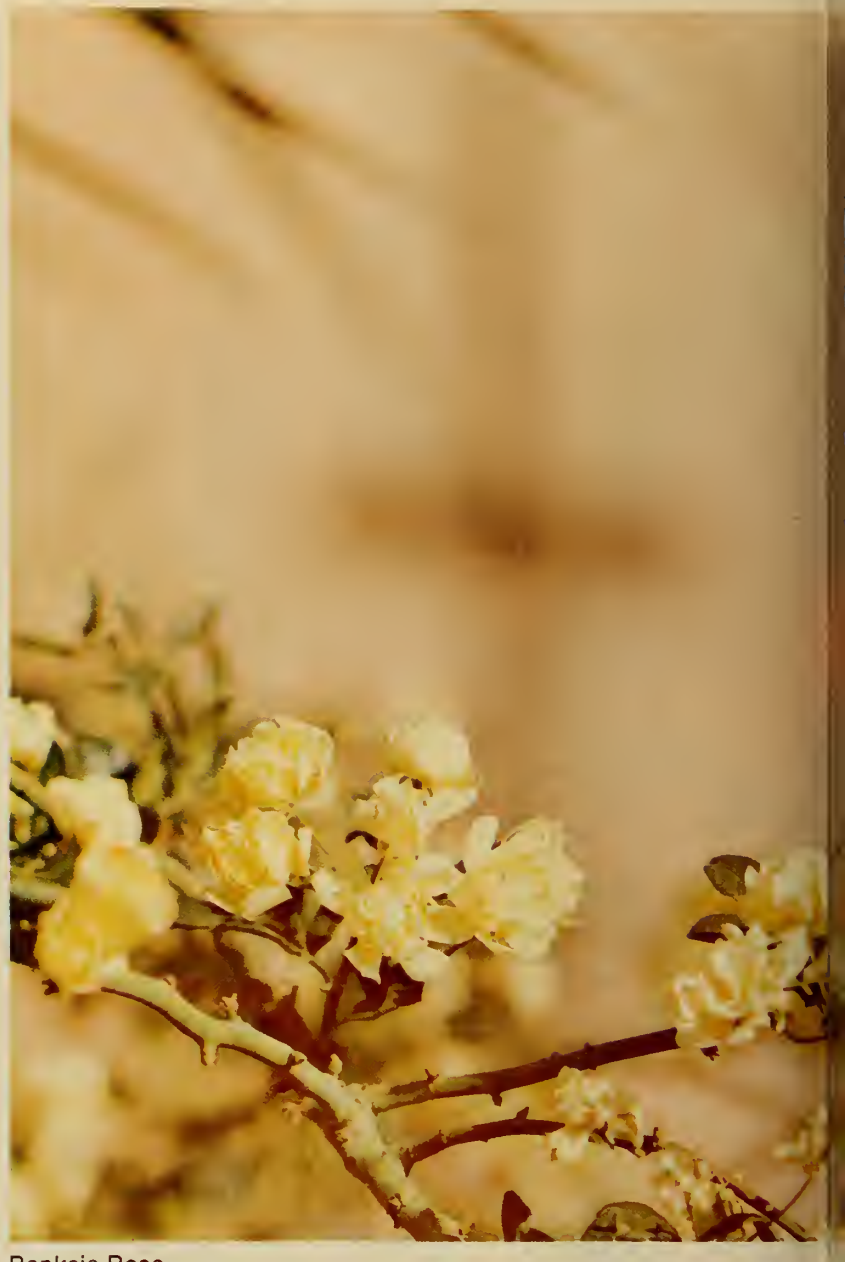
AS THE SUN sets beyond the Arizona desert, a cactus wren perches atop a 200-year-old saguaro in the garden at Paradise Valley United Methodist Church. The church itself is striking in design, but the garden has a uniqueness of its own. It is called a biblical garden because the towering saguaro and other native plants form a backdrop for more than 20 plants mentioned in the Bible. Along winding, sand-packed paths visitors may pause at the crown of thorns, or perhaps "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," producing a mass of red blooms in the garden around Easter each year, just as they cover the plains near the Sea of Galilee.

THE IDEA for Paradise Valley's biblical garden grew from the similarity of Arizona's climate to that of Palestine. It was started in 1964 as a memorial to Mildred Miles Crew and has transformed what was once a rocky ravine (Arizonans call them arroyos) into a showplace.

Botanists say some 2,300 species of flora are native to the biblical lands, but only 100 are specifically named in the Bible. When more plants are located and funds are available, another 30 or 40 will be added to the aloe, pine, water lily, mint, oleander, locust, grape, myrtle, and others now represented in the church garden.

Studying these plants, visitors gain insight into the law, medicine, agriculture, commerce, and religion of Bible times. The fig tree, for example, was a prime source of food, and a sign of peace and prosperity as in the Hebrew saying, "every man under his vine and under his fig tree." Date palms, too, provided food and materials for the home, and when Jesus rode into Jerusalem, people greeted him waving palm branches, symbols of triumph. Growing in the garden pool is the bulrush, or Egyptian papyrus, used for baskets, clothing, and paper, but more closely associated with the infant Moses along the banks of the Nile.

—Lynda Peak



Banksia Rose

Crown of Thorns

The Banksia rose and the African daisy are among plants that provide accent colors for the more subtle beauty of biblical plants in the garden. Especially meaningful on Good Friday each year is the crown of thorns, dramatic reminder of Jesus' passion: "They clothed him in a purple cloak, and plaiting a crown of thorns they put it on him. And they began to salute him, 'Hail, King of the Jews!'"

—Mark 15:17-18

mone or Lily of the Field

ush or Egyptian Papyrus

African Daisy

High-school students re-create an Easter sunrise-service processional in the garden.

The Loneliness of the CROSS

By J. B. McNEIL

And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Elo-i, Elo-i, lama sabach-thani?" which means, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—Mark 15:34.

THESE may be the most difficult to understand and to accept of any words ever to issue from the lips of our Lord. Just when I think I have understood, meaning seems to slip away. Then I can only bow in awe and reverence as I read them. Yet, to be true to myself and our human nature, I must continue to probe their depths for meaning.

Are these words a cry of dereliction or despair? If so, it would mean complete abandonment or being forsaken utterly by God. This I cannot accept, because I believe that "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself."

Is this a cry of loneliness? Jesus' utterance includes words quoted from a psalm. They might have come easily to memory, for his mind was steeped in Scripture. But they are, nonetheless, his own, filled with the pain of the moment. Never in his life did Jesus use empty words, and it is not likely that he would quote poetry in a meaningless way during the loneliness of his impending death.

Was the man on the cross thinking of Judas' betrayal? Of Peter's denial? Of everyone's desertion in his hour of need? It is more likely that his cry had its source not in thinking but in feeling. This was no statement of faith or utterance of great truth as such. It was a cry of desolation welling up from the emotions, the very soul of the Lord.

This cry can never be interpreted as any other statement of the Christ —not as one might interpret the Beatitudes, for instance. It is a cry in agony of the mind, the spirit, and the body.

It may well be that in the moment before death, taking the sins of humanity upon himself and knowing the consequences of sin, our Lord experienced a separation from God that a man who is sinful knows. It must have been a complete feeling of being alone. Yet we know that in his death and in his life, Jesus identified himself with all humanity.

The last words from the cross are not a parable and not an allegory. They are an experience. To recite them and try to explain them, and then to forget them, is not enough.

Do these words have a meaning for the 20th-century man? As Jesus walked with his disciples one day, two of them became concerned about who would have the favored seats when their Lord came into his Kingdom. Jesus responded with a query: "Are you able to drink of this cup from which I shall drink?" To drink of it meant more than being betrayed and deserted; it meant more than being falsely accused and having a mock trial; it meant more than death, for it was a full cup. It meant all these, plus the passion and pain of being on a cross.

Another time, Jesus told them, "He who would be my disciple must take up his cross and follow me." The Master was not just to take up his cross and drag it through the streets of Jerusalem, up the hillside—there to drop and abandon it. No, he must also be nailed to it. It must become a part of him.

Everyone who chooses Jesus' way will know the agony of the cross, not in dying but in living. It can become a part of your life, too, and sometime you will know its loneliness. It will be no less real, and you cannot bear it without the help of God. No one can make the decision for you. It must be made by you alone.

Selfishness must die in order that the true self might live. To experience resurrection in this life, we must first experience the death of self. It is the most solitary affair the human soul can know. Once the decision is made, there is thirst and then the end. Only then is one ready to commit his spirit into the hands of God.

It may be that humanity itself must know this loneliness of the cross to be saved. Groupings racially, nationally, or otherwise might have to die so that all might live. The church, in its divisiveness, might have to die, in order to be reborn. The nations might have to die so that the world itself, as we know it, can survive.

Could it be that we are nearing that loneliness and self-denial and self-desertion that must be experienced in order that the whole might be renewed?

The glorious thing about Jesus' cry is that it was not the end. He died in triumph, not despair: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." As surely as we know this loneliness, we, too, may know its triumph. □

Sounds On the April Wind

By JESSE STUART

'No man had ever plowed more miles of furrow than he. . . . He knew this land. . . . It possessed him, and he possessed it. He was a part of this land, and it was a part of him.'

I HAVE LOOKED for him all day, but I've not seen him. This is the time of year he liked to be going about. Always in April he was going with a seed bucket or a hoe or both. Sometimes he went down the road driving a team, a big black horse and a much larger sorrel mare with a flaxen mane and tail. There he'd be sitting upon the little seat over the wagon bed with the leather checkline in his hands. He was a little man, and he'd be sitting there on the creaking wagon with plows, hoes, mattocks, axes, and scythes loaded in the wagon bed.

He never drove or walked past that he didn't have from one to a half-dozen dogs following him. Only two were his dogs. But other dogs liked him, and they trotted in front of the big horses or followed the wagon. This small man, with a wind and sun-tanned face, lean and spare with a big nose and blue eyes and a kind voice for horses and dogs, I keep looking for him to drive the horses by, but I don't see him. I often think I hear his wagon and I go to the door and look, but it's something else. I hear the winds in the oaks on the hill, the big weeping willow, or the wild-plum trees.

And sometimes I think I hear his footsteps going down the road in front of my house. But I don't see him. It's a little trick the wind plays on my ears. Or, it might be a little trick my mind plays on me. I know he should be along at any time, and I feel sure that he will be. Because he's part of this valley. He's a great part of it. He came to this valley when he was 16 years old. And he grew up here. He was a young man before he was outside this county. He was almost 60 before he was 100 miles from home. He was never happy anywhere but on this little spot of earth. When he was away, he worried until he got home.

He had a routine in his home in W-Hollow. . . . For

From The Year of My Rebirth *by Jesse Stuart; copyright © 1956 by Jesse Stuart. Used by permission of McGraw-Hill Book Company.*—Your Editors

almost three fourths of a century, he greeted his animals morning, noon, and night, fed them, bedded their stalls, and was kind to them. He loved animals, and they loved him. And in the spring of the year, especially in April, he got all his livestock onto the green April grass. He put milk cows in the pasture, his horses in a pasture, mules in another, cattle in others, and he had a small pasture for his hogs. He gave animals range and freedom.

Sometimes, when I think I hear footsteps on the walk around the house, I go to the window. . . . This is the time of the year I expect him to be coming around to look over the fences to see if the wind has blown a tree across one or if a post has given way. We have miles of fences on this farm, and each April he has always gone over each fence, with his hatchet, wire pliers, and staples in his carpenter's apron, carrying along some extra pieces of wire and a pair of wire stretchers and staple pullers. He always went prepared to do a job.

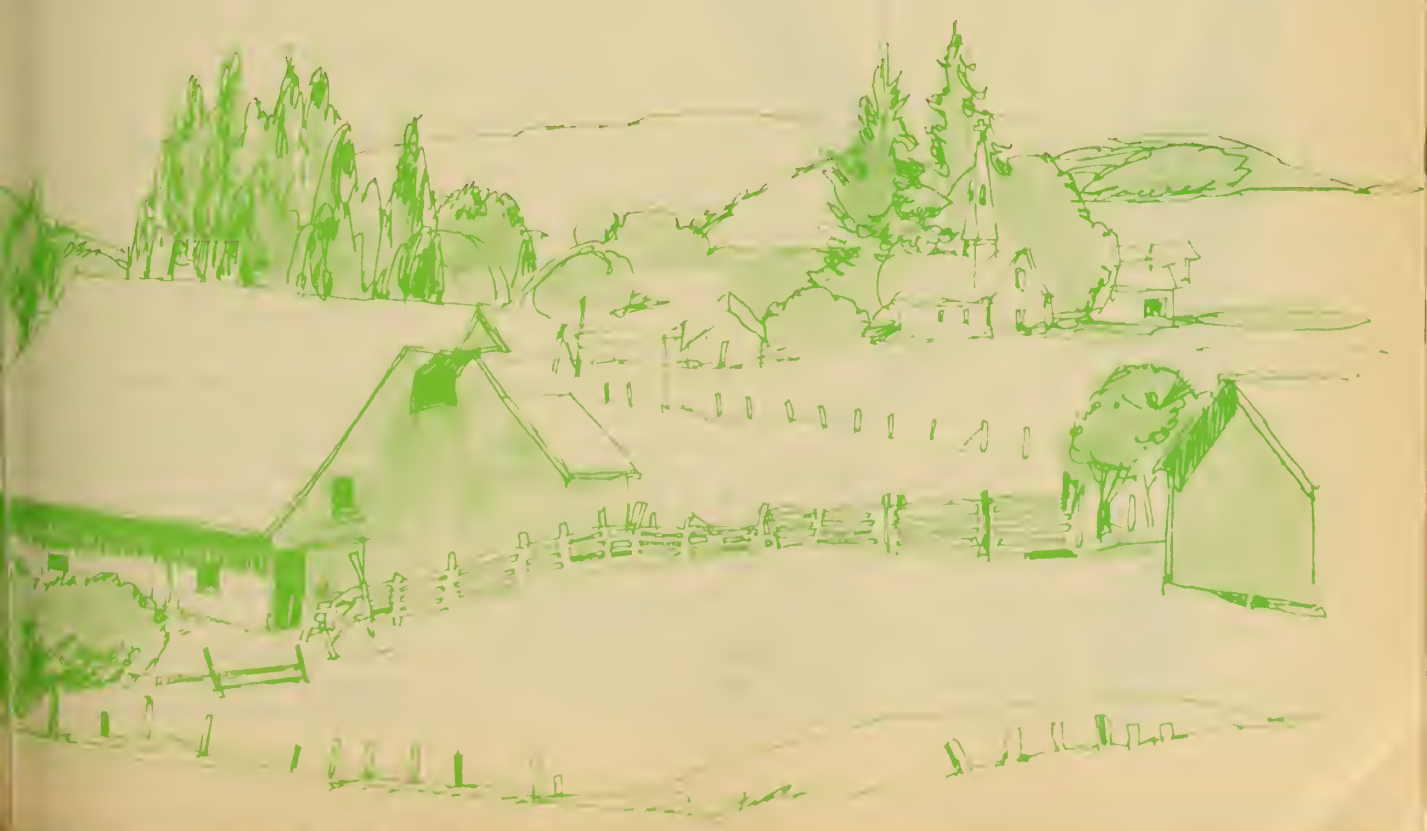
So many times he passed here with a hoe across his shoulder. I knew, when I saw him coming with a hoe, that he was either going to the pasture to clean out the water holes in the spring or he was going to hoe one of his many truck patches. He had truck patches all over this farm, from the valley to the top of the highest hill. . . . He was the best gardener we have had in W-Hollow in my day and time, and he was always getting better. He studied land, plants, and seasons each year. He never could learn all he wanted to.

I saw a ditch yesterday on his land when I walked up the hollow to look at his pasture hill where he and I cleared the ground a long time ago. Now the cattle have so often walked in single file down the hill to the stream to get water that they have made a path, and water has flowed down the path and erosion has started. I wondered why he hadn't been there with some of last year's corn fodder and laid it in this ditch. Or why he hadn't cut sprouts and put their tips uphill to catch the wash of the next rain and stop erosion. That's the way he taught everybody around here, his sons and others in W-Hollow who came to his farm. He never let a ditch start. He couldn't stand to see a scar on his earth.

And he wouldn't let anybody hack one of his trees with a hatchet or ax. He wouldn't let any boy carry a BB gun over his ground to shoot at his wild songbirds. He followed the stream through his farm to see if it was choked and had broken from its channel. If it had gathered sticks, brush, small trees into a dam, he cleared it out and let the backed-up water flow away. There wasn't anything on the ground, in the streams, among his trees, up in the air he didn't watch. He was the most alert man I ever knew. A fire could be two miles away, and he could smell leaves burning and would come running with a hoe over his shoulder and be at the fire before anybody else. He always went first. He always got the jump on anything before it got the jump on him. He got control of weeds when they were small. He cut his corn before frost. He dug his sweet potatoes before frost bit the vines. He dug his Irish potatoes before autumn rains.

He was the first man ever to try new grass seeds on the W-Hollow hills. He was the first man to try to get a road built up the valley. He split blighted chestnuts for bridge flooring (because he wasn't able to buy flooring sawed by the mill) and built eight bridges so we could get a road. He was the first in this rural area to have electricity, for he had the first Delco system at his house. He was the first man to have a registered bull. It seemed that this sun and wind-tanned little man without a trace of gray hair on his temples should be standing beside his stocky, curly haired Hereford bull rubbing its shoulders and neck. But he wasn't there. It was terrifying not to see him.

I walked on up the valley to his barn. I could almost feel his presence there. In the mornings he always cleaned



the stalls and rebedded them. Over there was his sweet-potato bed. Below it was his garden. This time of year I should be able to hear his laughter. It always rode on the W-Hollow April winds. Or he might be out somewhere in a patch of dogwoods for they are in bloom now. He always liked them. He always liked to find a dogwood beside a stream where he could look at the white blooms and hear the water run at the same time. But I didn't see him beside the dogwoods up that way, and I didn't see him beside the stream.

It was not unusual for me to be looking for him. This entire valley was his beat. Exactly how many people have lived in this valley of W-Hollow since 1800 I don't know. But of all of them, not a one could have known more trees, wild flowers, cliffs, squirrel dens, hawk's and crow's nests, and groundhog and fox dens than the little W-Hollow man I'm speaking of. No one knew where more wild strawberries grew, more hickory trees that bore nuts, more black and white walnuts, than this man.

No man had ever plowed more miles of furrow than he. . . . He knew this land. It was his land. It possessed him, and he possessed it. He was a part of this land, and it was a part of him.

Why do I keep looking for him? Why doesn't he come? Why do I think I hear him and his team go past when it is only the wind in the long green fronds of the weeping willow and in the strange durable half-leafed branches of the oaks on the hill above his house? Why do I hear him on my walks? Why isn't he here?

He must be here. He couldn't leave this valley. He couldn't get away from it. Especially not now, while W-Hollow is an array of wild flowers on every bluff. Wild alum, whippoorwill flower, sweet william, percoon, wild iris, wild plums, and the white sails of dogwood cover the W-Hollow hills. This is the most beautiful valley in the world in April when all the blooms are out. . .

He had worked and laughed a lot up until the morning of December 23. In the afternoon, he sent for all hi children but me. I wasn't able to be there.[1] He lay on hi bed and gave instructions. He told them not to sell hi team of horses. He told them to keep his bull. He warnec them not to forget to grease the wagon wheels, make a new wagon bed, and put new blocks on the brakes. He told them to be sure to put cup grease in the horse-drawi disk harrows and to plow and disk the garden early. He told them to clean up all the barnyard manure and ge it onto the fields. Then he told them to spread lime o the meadow and to go over the fences and to chec water holes in the pastures.

After he gave instructions, he said he must soon b going. He smiled when he told my brother and sisters hi feet had tickled the skin of W-Hollow earth more tha the feet of any man living or dead and now he was read to move on. Then he smiled broadly and breathed hi last. He left the community he had worked so hard t improve, protect, and keep beautiful. He had spent hi lifetime in this valley, and he left it a better place.

Knowing all this, I still find it hard to believe he i gone. This is why I think I hear him when it is only th wind in the willow leaves. I think I hear his hoe turnin the stones over again in his corn row. How can he leav this world where his image is stamped so indelibly upo everything? He is still a part of this valley, just as it i still a part of him. □

[1] *Stuart was recovering from a heart attack.*—Your Editors

David and His Taffy Apples

DAVID, my youngest grandson, received several one and five-dollar bills as gifts on his sixth birthday recently. He normally hangs on to his money, spending it so infrequently that he often forgets where he has hidden his wallet with its bills and coins. He has two free-spending brothers who on occasion refer to him as "That Kid."

The boys' school periodically has a "taffy-apple day," or a "hot-dog day," or a "hamburger day," when the students can bring money and buy that day's treat, the profits being used to finance classroom projects.

Not long after David's birthday it was "taffy-apple day," and he and his brothers were allowed to take 15¢ each for one treat. David remembered where his wallet was that day, and unknown to his mother added some bills to his 15¢. He was preceded home after school by Steve, eight, who breathlessly warned his mother, "Wait'll you see what That Kid did!"

David arrived shortly, lugging a big box of taffy apples and his mother began to count: "One, two . . . five . . . ten . . . seventeen . . . twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two! Twenty-two taffy apples!"

"I took some of my money so we'd have some taffy apples for you and Daddy, and the pastor, and that woman with the baby [the pastor's wife and child] . . ." he explained.

"Didn't the room mother say something when you asked for . . . ?"

"Yeah, but I showed her m money."

A little later David asked hi mother, "What's for dessert tonight?"

"Taffy apples!" his mother in formed him. "Taffy apples tonight and tomorrow night, and the nex night . . ."

A half hour later David showed u in the kitchen with his box of taff apples roped around his neck an announced he was going out and sel them to the neighbors. He didn't ge out the door, though.

Coming up soon is "hot-dog day" or maybe it's "hamburger day." Any way, David's mother plans to frisk him, then pin a note on his shir advising the teacher, "Don't sell thi kid more than one." —*Ira M. Mohle*

A college chaplain often deals with problems of other people's children. This time it was his own son—rebellious, 17 years old, and on his way to California.

Our Son Ran Away

By J. CLAUDE EVANS

HONEST-to-God secularity intruded itself on me one Sunday evening as I was in a church study group, listening to a theologian discuss contemporary theology and its insights on secularism. My wife appeared unexpectedly at the side door, and an usher called me out. Some student in trouble, I thought, or a panicky parent calling for advice. But this time it was far more personal.

"John is in California," my wife blurted. John is our youngest son, then 17, a dropout from school, a hang-loose guy, working in a restaurant for ready cash to meet his inner demands for instant satisfactions. Leaving with his suitcase to spend a few nights with a friend, he and the friend had flown to San Francisco.

"John is in California." I recall the momentary heart freeze, the chill feeling of pressure on the chest as I fought for a mind-hold on reality.

As I groped for sensible response, the past flashed by kaleidoscopically. We have four children, all for the most part reared in and around a university setting. Despite our conscious efforts to give the children freedom to choose their own styles of life, undoubtedly we had projected on them the academic ideals of our daily existence. The older three had made fine adjustments to academia—two in graduate schools and a third a freshman in college. John, however, was different. Even our conscious efforts to ease his way—"Son, you don't have to make good grades"—carried overtones of unconscious parental expectation in the added refrain—"but you *do* have to study!"

John externalized his rebellion with refusals to study and purposeful flunking out of junior high. Under the guidance of a psychologist, we took the pressures off and watched in the background while he quit school, went to work in a variety of busboy jobs, and otherwise made his own decisions.

Now the flight to California. Visions of hippie happenings, tripping on drugs, and other swinging seducings

of footloose teen-agers danced among our fears. The temptation of the heart was to start the legal wheels turning for John's return to Texas and home; but calmer second thoughts prevailed. "Be careful," a psychologist counselor warned, "you might just be setting yourself up to go into the 'bringing-home' business."

A letter John left for us was emotionally encouraging:

Dear Mom and Pa:

You're probably going to faint when you read this. . . . I've always wanted to do what I'm doing, and now seemed like the perfect time. Here's why. At the moment I have failed two years of school and I will be 20 years old during my senior year. After that I will go to a junior college for two years and then the army for three. That makes me 25 years old before I'm free again. So I'm taking advantage of my only chance. Right now I am in San Francisco. I will come back for school so don't worry about me. I took the $100 bill but Mrs. B [his employer] owes me a lot more and that will pay what I owe you. I will write and if I get into any difficulty I will come home immediately.

Please do not try to have me picked up and sent home because it would just make things worse. If I get it out of my system now, I'll be able to settle down and go to school. But what I'm doing has to be done now or never. Please save this note so I can show it to my grandchildren. Sorry I had to lie to you. Merry Christmas. *John*. P.S.: I SHALL RETURN!!!

Slowly the details of John's journey filtered back to us. From San Francisco, he and his buddy bussed to Salinas where an aunt of a friend lived. This friend was to have alerted his aunt to their coming but somehow forgot his role in the drama. The surprised lady reacted negatively, and the boys left her door in frightened haste. The lady then called her nephew, found the story corroborated, and with her 21-year-old son hastened to the bus station to take the fugitives in temporary tow. But the two took another bus to Laguna Beach, where lived another friend John had known when we lived in Europe for a year.

A sleepless night of turmoiling images and emotions was interrupted with John's first telephone call home. The occasion was a 2 a.m. rest stop between Salinas and Laguna Beach:

"Are you going to make me come home?"

"Well, no. You've always wanted to be out in the adult world, free for your own decisions. We'll just see if you can make it. When you are ready to come home, we'll send you a ticket."

"Will you send me some money?"

"No. It's time for you to see whether you can handle these matters yourself."

Our sleeplessness was not helped by his statement that they were down to their last $5.

The next day my wife and I found supportive friendships abundant. There is a new brotherhood about—the fraternity of parents with rebellious children. A lawyer with a son arrested for marijuana possession; a doctor with a daughter who on weekends lives with the local hippies; a minister with an alcoholic teen-ager; an insurance salesman with a son of genius I.Q. whose disaffection sends him to the docks, where he works as a stevedore—all helped us in our emotional uncertainty.

At 4 p.m. Monday, a second call came from John. H and his buddy were safely at Laguna Beach. Such a beau tiful place, he said. And his buddy had already landed car-wash job. So far, John had not found a job:

"We're down to $2, Dad. Had to buy an alarm clock t get up for work. Will you telegraph me $10?"

With a catch of my breath I answered, "No Son, yo chose this path. Now you must walk it on your own."

"Well, good-bye," he ended it irritably.

The doubts flooded and the inner agony begins to bea down. A hellish failure of a parent who will not sen his son 10 lousy dollars in a time of need. I'm ready t damn all the psychology, and especially the psychologists I've ever known. Somehow we hang on to our resolution But worse is to come.

About eight in the evening, the mother of John' buddy calls. "Tim's ready to come home," she says. "H called and wants me to send him money for the ticke What do you think?"

"Well, where did Tim call from?"

"From a phone booth in Laguna Beach. They're stand ing there waiting for a reply."

I called John. "What's going on, Son? Tim's mothe say he's ready to come home."

There is a hurried conference between them and the John reports he does not want to come home. A furthe conference and Tim decides he does not want to either

"But we're down to 20¢. We wasted $2 on a taxi All we had for supper was a can of wieners and some crackers. Guess we'll have to sleep in the bushes."

I suggested they try the Salvation Army, or visit the local Methodist minister. Then parental emotions sur faced: "Is it cold out there?"

"It gets real cold at night. But we'll sleep in the bushes." Hearing their background laughter and remembering the wasted two dollars strengthened my fast sagging will.

"Will you wire us some money?"

Weakly: "No." (Years from now I'll confess to John that the negative came not from inner strength or convic tion. I already had checked with Western Union. To wire the money would require a personal trip to the down town office, and by then, the Laguna Beach office o Western Union would be closed.)

The next four days were rough. No further word came from the runaways. As much as we tried to think positively, or attempted to assume that no news was good news, we found sleep slow in returning, and a nagging headache kept my temples pounding. Despite our outer equanimity, inner conflicts of conscience and emotion still raged.

Friday brought encouraging news. John had lost his driver's license and called for a replacement he needed for identification. How were things going? Fine. Monday they had tried sleeping in the bushes, but it was too cold for them. A visit to the nearest church (Roman Catholic) secured a one-night permission to sleep in the church. The next day both found car-washing jobs. Now they had a room on which they had paid a week's rent in advance. After two days of "starving," they were eating again.

For one month John "made it" in California. His job paid him enough to support himself. His buddy-runaway soon tired of the work demands and, within 10 days, returned home. John remained, made friends at his car-wash station and in the hippie-type hotel where he

roomed. He experimented in the marijuana drug culture of the area, yet seemed impervious to the temptation for harder drugs. His frequent long distance calls were cheerful and happy.

One day, when he was riding behind an older friend on a motorcycle, a California state policeman stopped them in a driver's license check. Everything was in proper order until the trooper spotted John's age—17. Seventeen-year-olds are considered juveniles in California, and cannot reside in the state without a parent or guardian. Soon juvenile authorities were calling us. Would we send a plane ticket? It was in the mail within the hour.

John, meanwhile, spent two sobering days in a juvenile detention center. When he was taken to the airport with four other runaways, they were all handcuffed—"to keep you from running away again."

At the airport, the four others, all from New York, were headed for another plane. John's guard removed his handcuffs, and they breakfasted together.

Back home, John worked sporadically at odd jobs, waiting for the next semester of high school to begin. Once more, he acted out his unconscious rebellion. Some of the boys who hung around his short-order fish 'n chips job were breaking into churches at night for petty cash. At first John refused to participate. Under pressure as being "chicken," John joined them the night they burgled coin boxes in a "washateria" in an apartment complex. Within a few days they were in the hands of the police, charged with a felony.

Life seemed to run in a slow motion for us. For weeks we fought miasmic depression. We refused to bail John out for four days, believing he needed to feel the full weight of the consequences of lawbreaking. We told him to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to his interrogators. He did—to his own hurt, as it turned out. His buddies, who had eight counts against them to John's two, were each charged with one count as he was. One enlisted in the Marines and the charges against him were dropped. The other was later tried in court and received two years probation. John pleaded guilty in front of a strict judge who lectured him:

"You have humiliated your parents. You have hung a millstone around the neck of your future. Do you realize the evil you have brought upon yourself and them?" He gave John a one-year probationary sentence.

It was a turning point for John. Faithful to his probation requirements, he began to act his age more responsibly. On his own decision, he reenrolled in high school. Soon he was in conflict with the school administration on the length of his hair and his smoking in the rest room. We backed the school's stand—until John was sent home twice in one day and required to get two haircuts because teachers disagreed among themselves as to what is a proper length for a boy's hair.

At term's end, and at John's urgent request, we enabled him to transfer to a high school in a nearby district not so concerned about hair and where students are permitted to smoke in the yard during gym or class breaks. John graduated last summer, after two full years and two summer schools of creditable grades, only one year late from his normal age schedule. He has returned to California now and is a freshman at Moor Park Junior College.

He still has problems. He is a passionate supporter of the youth psychedelic drug scene. ("Marijuana is not as bad for a person as alcohol is. There are no hangovers. It is not addictive. I go weeks without even thinking about tripping, but I have to have my Winstons every day . . . Of course the laws are going to be changed on marijuana. They have to be. There are millions of us, Dad, and we aren't going to give up. Someday we will be over 30 and the culture will show it.")

Can you wonder that his parents—a good 20 years past 30 and still uptight over drugs—still have sleepless nights? Many parents will no doubt disagree with our decision to let John determine his own actions even to the extent of his occasional use of marijuana. He knows it is illegal. ("But Dad, you drive over the speed limit.") He knows we oppose his views on drugs. He senses our barely controlled panic.

Yet, John has an honesty with us, and an openness that places all of us in a more adult frame of reference with each other. Part of his rebellion was over our effort to "tell him what to do" as a teen-ager. Now he knows that we recognize that he must determine his own direction in life. And he knows the consequences.

Have we made the right decision with this rebellious son of ours whose name is legion in our culture? We do not know. Perhaps we overdramatize; but many parents will understand. It's a kind of Gethsemane when one prays the prayer of obedience and then wonders if his decisions approximate obedience.

As of this date, we feel that events support our way of handling John and his problems. In the three years since his first flight to California, we have seen his marked growth of self-directiveness. We have seen his seething rebellion ease and his deeper questionings about life come to the surface. We have seen him buy his own Volkswagen through 24 long months of regular payments, all out of his own earnings. We have seen him select his own college, learn to study without parental badgering, make friends without having to follow peer-group standards out of accord with his own growing ethical sensitivities, and otherwise demonstrate his increasing maturation.

Fortunately for John, there is a Texas law for minors that is close kin to the Christian understanding of law as guide and schoolmaster. A youthful felony offender who lives through his probation successfully can have the official slate wiped clean so that his youthful offense will not haunt him forever.

Perhaps the best sign of John's growth in character and in self-confidence came in his reaction to this article. The first draft for *Together* was written with no mention of his police record and with the use of a pseudonym for me as author. I called John at college, told him of the plans that *Together* had for the article, and added that I had made no mention of his encounter with the law. What did he think of the pseudonym? His reply lifted for once and all, I think, our fears for him:

"Why not use your real name, Dad? And why not tell the story about the 'washateria'? It will show how far back I've come. It might help somebody else, too!"

John is right. So, I've told it like it was and is about him, and about us, his parents. Of course, the woods of life are still thick and the dangers many. But Gethsemane is over for us with John.

There are too many foretastes of resurrection visible for us to doubt any longer. □

Wisconsin Agriculture's Chief Steward

Text by **John A. Lovelace** / Pictures by **George P. Miller**

THE PROBING HAND of a meat inspector . . . the inquisitive eye of a food-laboratory chemist . . . the accessible ear of a ranking figure in government. . . .

Either of the first couple of tools could get you a pretty good job with the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture. Take the last one, though, precondition it with more than 20 years experience in an almost straight line up through the ranks, and you might, like Donald E. Wilkinson, get the department's top job.

On April 1 Don begins his third year as secretary of the department. He heads a 550-member work force whose activities take nearly a $13 million bite out of the states biennial appropriations. Administratively he is on the governor's cabinet along with other department and agency heads. For policy he answers to the seven-member State Board of Agriculture whose members are appointed by the governor for staggered six-year terms and who, in turn, appoint the secretary. This puts Don's job at arm's length from direct political involvement.

A lean, lithe, tanned man in his mid 40s vigorously greets you in the agriculture secretary's office. His handshake is farmer-firm; his speech is rapid, and his voice is appropriately, church-choir-tenor high. Activity outside the door makes it obvious that this is the nerve center of the spacious, modern building which agriculture has to itself on the outskirts of Madison, the exquisitely endowed capital city of Wisconsin.

Agriculture, he begins, covers much more than a visitor might expect. Department activities extend far beyond the state's farms to encompass agribusiness, including such behemoths as the cheese industry which produces almost 50 percent of the nation's supply.

The intraoffice phone buzzer interrupts. After a word with his secretary he asks his visitors, "Will you excuse me while I talk with a member of the state legislature? The call is short; $40 million is mentioned. Even as he

A herd of Holsteins: Perfect backdrop for the secretary of Wisconsin's Department of Agriculture.

Inspection of all meat processed in the state is only one activity supervised by the secretary of Wisconsin's Department of Agriculture. He also drops in occasionally on the food lab where food off the shelves is checked for impurities. Most of his time, though, is spent behind his desk with a busy telephone and a handy appointments calendar.

Chairs are empty at the Wilkinson dining table more often now that the children are active, social teen-agers. But likely as not there will be a gang in the basement for Bible study. Brother Dave's drums sit silently in the background as Nancy Wilkinson raises a question about a Bible passage during a regular meeting of her study group. The whole family has long been involved in some kind of organized Bible study.

holds the phone, he is writing on his appointments pad. A date, a time, a place, a meeting with a legislative committee. The wheels of state government grind on.

"Expansion," he continues, "also is taking us farther into consumer protection. And it is not without its political push and pull. That is what that call was about. There are at least a dozen agencies of state government working on some aspect of consumer protection. Our work includes food inspection and, in recent years, protection against deliberate deception and fraud." This, he says, specially includes fraudulent advertising.

The problem now is to define consumer protection and to unravel the tangle caused by several state agencies operating in that field. Don explains how agriculture became so deeply involved.

"This agency was organized years ago to provide services, along with the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), to the farm side of production. This involved controlling animal and plant diseases or recommending various chemicals and fertilizers to make two blades grow where one grew." (Later, in more person-centered conversation, it becomes clear how important is this modern application of the parable of the talents to this leading agriculturalist.)

Next, he says, his department and the USDA became involved in marketing "to help the farmer have an idea of what quality product he had so he could be protected against misrepresentation by a buyer.

"Then we discovered that we should not produce just for production's sake but we had to produce for a market. The consumer's demands became more dominant."

Don dates this to roughly right after World War II. "The United States had geared itself up and suddenly we

An outboard motorboat is a most natural vehicle for recreation in a city like Madison, built around and surrounded by four lakes. It's a 15-minute haul, at most, from the Wilkinsons' home to the launch site. Here Don and daughter Nancy take along a friend while younger daughter Karen is away at "Y" camp. Son Dave (left, below, facing camera) isn't so active in family outings as he used to be. A university sophomore, he's a leader in a Bible-study group.

sat there with no great effort to feed the world other than get the European and Japanese people back on their feet. We had more production capacity than we needed, so the consumer began calling the shots.

"As this sophistication of the consumer developed, government agencies tried to relate this back to the production and marketing segments. And that's how we came to operate in the interests of both the producer and the consumer."

A side trail in the conversation reveals some fascinating ironies in Don's reference to getting the Japanese "back on their feet." It also reveals the fastness of his faith.

Don piloted a U.S. Air Force B-29 Superfortress in the Pacific Theater during World War II. Among his 28 bombing missions, one stands out, and there's a subtle darkening of the voice as he tells of it.

"We had just pulled off a bomb run (over Japan) and all of a sudden our engineer, who normally checked the bomb bay before we closed the doors, got on the intercom and said, "There's a bomb hanging in the bomb bay. It didn't release. Only one end is free. It's hanging down. The prop (on the bomb) is turning!'

"This meant that, given a number of turns, the bomb

would go off on us. I am sure that everyone on that plane, regardless of how close he was to his Lord at that time, was praying. My life flashed back, but we had to continue flying. We had no choice but to do our job. And this brave young engineer, a first lieutenant, had to climb into the bomb bay with nothing beneath him. He hung on and, with pliers, was able to jiggle the final latch and that bomb dropped away.

"At the beginning of our flights we prayed as a crew and took turns leading, at least among those of us who were of that interest."

The same man who piloted the B-29 and joined or led his crew in prayer now joins or leads his department executive staff in prayer at their weekly meetings.

"As long as I can remember, since I joined the department in 1948, we have opened these meetings with prayer. We hold them on Monday mornings to help start our week. On the Thursday or Friday before hand our administrative secretary asks one of the men if he would be willing to give the prayer. It is not mandatory. She knows there are some who would find it a little uncomfortable. Some will accept and then will read something appropriate. Others, without notes or anything, will express a few comfortable words."

Later, in a hallway conversation with one of Don's administrative staff, the subject of staff meetings comes up. "Don's an awfully good guy to work for," says the administrator. "He makes a good presentation, and he can always make a speech or lead a prayer. In our staff meetings if someone is not able to lead the prayer, Don does. Always beautifully and easily."

This suggests the word "automatic" to describe Don's access to his faith. It's a word he himself uses whether to describe B-29 experiences, on-the-job application of Christian faith, or his home and church life.

"The stewardship philosophy is one I have tried to emphasize even in nonchurch activities because I believe this should be stressed as we become more concerned about our environment," he says. "This is the farm-oriented person's outlook automatically because he realizes there is only so much land and water. As this philosophy of stewardship becomes more accepted, the easier it will be to solve our pollution problems."

It figures, then, that some of his sharpest remembrances of his boyhood days in a Primitive Methodist church in rural southwestern Wisconsin are of Soil Stewardship Sunday sermons based on the parable of the talents and of hymns like *Bringing in the Sheaves*. Don and his brother, Tom, still manage the family's 400-acre dairy and swine farm near the Wisconsin-Illinois line.

Just after the war, as a University of Wisconsin undergraduate majoring in agricultural education and agricultural economics, Don met his future wife, Betty, at the Madison Wesley Foundation. They became better acquainted there in choir and in a theatrical production called *Smiling Through*.

Betty smiles now in the den of their comfortable home as she recalls it. "My mother and dad met here at Wesley Foundation during World War I. When I came here for graduate work, Mother said, 'That's the best place to go to meet the right kind of husband.' And, by golly, I did!" (Smile changes to gusty laugh.)

Now they're parents of three. Dave is a University of Wisconsin sophomore prearchitecture major. Nancy is a high-school junior, and Karen is a freshman. For recreation the family makes frequent trips to the farm, boats on one of Madison's four lakes, or drives to the family cottage in Door County, Wisconsin's picture-perfect peninsula jutting into Lake Michigan.

Betty has a simple explanation for the Wilkinson family's togetherness. "When I was a counselor at Wesley Foundation, I wrote an article for their paper on marriage. The main point I made—and I mean it just as much today!—is that the number one focal point in our lives is our church. Our friendships have pretty much stemmed from that group. So it is not only a place where our faith gets restored regularly but our social life revolves around it, too.

"The children have grown up with this. The church comes first. There has *never* been a question, Do we go to church on Sunday? It is part of our living pattern."

Dave, during his freshman year at the university, enrolled in an in-depth Bible-study program led by the Navigators, an international, interdenominational organization featuring Bible study. He lived near campus last summer, away from the shaded, two-story family home so he could plunge deeper into the study. Back home, Nancy and friends had begun their own informal Bible study based on Navigator materials.

Betty and Don see nothing unusual in this Bible emphasis among offspring of a successful state-government family in this sophisticated city of town and gown. Betty says their church (Madison's First United Methodist) has had a surge in the past 10 years through such groups as The Twelve, the Bethel Bible series, and Bible studies led by the pastor's wife.

"It seems a very natural thing within our church that you are in actual Bible study of some kind," she explains. "And these kids amaze me with how easily they speak, at least among one another. They will ask another, 'When was your commitment to Christ? How did it come about?' They certainly speak about it more easily than you or I might have spoken at their age."

Within a year after Don and Betty moved to Madison in 1948 he was president of the Methodist Men's group he and others had helped revitalize. His church "credits" since then have included lay leader, official-board chairman, finance-commission chairman, and chairman of a long-range committee planning a building program now underway. Betty has been a church-school teacher and a Women's Society stalwart. Dave is on the work area on Christian social concerns. All five Wilkinsons are in church choirs.

The Wilkinson family is near the point where the age of the oldest offspring will take him away from home to school (architectural studies are not available at the main university campus in Madison). Already the family has turned the bend where only mother, dad, and the two girls are on the road together.

But shed no tears for the Wilkinsons. As their pastor, the Rev. J. Ellsworth Kalas, said of them, "They serve enthusiastically and tirelessly in church and in a variety of community activities. Their Christian conviction is well known in the community, and their home life is such that their children are following in the same pattern of life."

No parents could hope for a better summation. □

Closed Door

By GRACE MABERRY

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
The music is not of my taste.
It does not speak to me."
And so I stood there—mute,
unmindful of the words and their meaning for me,
or of the joy others might be receiving.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
The prayers are not my prayers.
The language is not mine."
And so I sat there—critical and analytical—
not even offering my own prayers
in my own language—silently.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
The sermon is dull and irrelevant."
And so I closed my mind.
I did not pray for him who spoke.
I did not even allow the Spirit
to enter into my own personal meditation.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
There is no joy—no celebration.
Everyone looks sad and empty."
I did not see in their sadness and emptiness
a possible reflection of guilt,
or frustration, or worry,
And I did not pray for their needs.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
The people are unfriendly.
No one cares about me."
And so I did not speak to—or smile at—
those about me who may also
have needed caring and friendliness.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
This place is full of hypocrites.
They speak of righteousness,
but their weekday life
is altogether unrighteous."
And I did not ask the Spirit to guide and love
those fellow seekers—those fellow strugglers.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

I said, "I cannot worship here.
And so I sat there cold and mute—
unaware that outside a spirit door
He waited—
not for proper techniques
but for *me* to open the door.
Forgive me, Father!

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

Every child discovers death sooner or later—from television news, from a trip to the meat market, or from the sudden death of a friend. How he discovers it, and what he is first told about death will affect his entire life.

Facing a Child's Concern About Death

By EDGAR N. JACKSON

"MAYBE AFTER a while people won't have to die any more," said 13-year-old Rusty to his two teenage companions.

"Sure, with new hearts and new kidneys and all kinds of new parts they could live much longer," enthused Sandy.

"I sure hope they hurry up and find out. My grandfather is in the hospital, and he might die," injected Fred.

The three young people whose conversation I overheard had attended a memorial service in the high-school auditorium for a young man, only a few years older than they, who had been killed in Viet Nam.

Death is a fascinating subject. Young people can drift into a discussion of it easily, especially if there are no adults around. They want to explore the idea, for it is an important part of their growing up.

When I worked as head of a psychiatric clinic for children, I observed again and again the insecurity, trauma, and breakdown that developed in children who had faced the fact of death in an atmosphere of deceit, anxiety, and efforts to escape from reality. Unwise management of grief and unsound coping with a death experience can be catastrophic for the emotional life of a child.

Geoffrey Gorer, the English anthropologist, found in one survey that 44 percent of adults say nothing to children in the family when death occurs. The rest admittedly tell children things they do not believe themselves, but excuse themselves by saying they could not think of anything else to say.

Gorer has observed that the prevalent attitude in England is the opposite of a hundred years ago. Then adults could speak of death, dying, and the emotions of grief with sentiment and freedom. But they could not talk about the beginnings of life, sex, childbirth, and the onset of puberty. Now the biology of the beginnings of life is spoken of quite freely, but anxiety surrounds the subject of the biological fact that marks the end of man's years.

Our culture is saturated with a two-dimensional form of death no deeper than the television or motion-picture screen on which it is portrayed. This form of unreal death is a poor substitute for the contemplation of the real thing for its emotions are unreal and invalid. It denies the reality of death, showing only a death that does not hurt or last long. The same actors are ready to die again next week at the same time on the same channel.

Every child must discover death. He cannot escape it, for it is everywhere about him. But it is important how he discovers it. If death is discovered in the secure framework of the family whose mature members face it honestly, the child can enter into the process as he enters into other experiences of life, supported by the group that loves and nurtures him.

But if death is a lonely discovery, surrounded by fear and mystery, the effect upon him may be so distressing that he never escapes from the psychic scars. If he is cut off from talking about his concerns, and if he is denied the relationships that support him emotionally, he may venture into the exploration of the meaning of death as an encounter too severe for his young life.

One afternoon I was speaking to a parent-teachers association on the subject of helping children to cope with their emotional crises. One mother rejected my thesis that the experience of a death in the family or neighborhood provides an important opportunity for parents and other adults to help children grow wisely. She said, "I'm going to do everything I can to protect my child from sorrow and death as long as I can. There's plenty of time for that when he gets older. I'm going to let him enjoy life while he can."

The assumption of this mother was that she *had* a choice. This is not the case. It is never a matter of whether or not children will encounter death. It is always a matter of *how* they will encounter it.

Children actually have specialized in death for a long time. One need only read some of the favorite stories of children down through the years to know how true this is. Jack the Giant-Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, and any of the other giant stories are rich in the symbolism of childhood, but they do not ignore death. Or listen to the games they play, as they cry out, "Pow! You're dead!"

A trip to the supermarket, with its view of dead fish,

dead chickens, and dead animals is filled with encounters with death. The newspaper headlines, the radio reports, the television scenes all report death. The child must come to terms with it in one way or another.

Three practical suggestions may help parents and others who are close to children when they explore personal events that have death meanings:

First, there is now a backlog of research and study concerning children and death that could give any adult precise information that would make him more comfortable with himself, and then surely more at ease with the comments children make and the questions they may ask. This research is reported by Martha Wolfenstein and Gilbert Kliman in *Children and the Death of a President* (Doubleday, $1.45) to my much less technical treatment, *Telling a Child About Death* (Channel Press, $2.95). Also of value is Earl Grollman's *Explaining Death to Children* (Beacon Press, $4.95).

A blind spot seems to exist with many otherwise competent adults at the point where they face the fact of death. This seems to be strangely present among the more sophisticated. Intellectuals who by habit try to cope with life problems by rational methods may be particularly vulnerable when they are compelled to cope with emotional crises. They tend to be selective in what they will read. This makes an unfortunate gap between basic research and their general awareness on this subject.

Sometimes those parents and adults who pride themselves in their competence in talking with children about the biology of life are strangely impotent in talking

wisely about the biology and psychology of death. It could be that their own defensiveness against a reality that threatens them makes them so insecure that they project that fear into their efforts to communicate with a child.

This breakdown of communications need not be. Resources in numerous studies in recent years can provide the perceptive adult with the sound bases from which he can proceed in exploring and interpreting this inevitable human experience.

A second suggestion would be to reexamine the much maligned funeral service as a therapeutic resource for children. Dr. Lawrence Abt in the book *Acting Out* (Grune, $12.75) makes it clear that every culture of the past provided its people with ways of acting out the feelings that were too deep to be put into words. These ritualized acts, these rites and ceremonies centered around critical events in the life of the community and the lives of its individual members.

The funeral as a ceremonial parade from the deathbed to the cemetery is made to order for children. They can participate in adult and family activity without having to understand all its meaning. They can share in an important emotional event usually with less anxiety than they can endure exclusion from participation.

Dr. Earl Grollman says, "To shut a youngster out of the funeral experience might be quite costly and damaging in his future development. He is an integral part of the family unit and should participate with them in this sad but momentous occasion."

Perhaps it would be important to restudy the unconsciously developed community resources such as funerals that help people meet the crises of life to see how they can be enriched to serve the emotional needs of both children and adults in facing reality, expressing valid feelings, and gaining needed group support.

Thirdly, make an extra effort to keep open the channels of communication with the child. Sometimes the anxiety concerning death is so great that the child cannot face it. He wants to talk and needs to talk, but has a difficult time doing it. A wise and perceptive adult can make it easier to do what needs to be done.

The three junior-high students who were spending part of their lunch hour talking about death were trying to come to terms with a basic idea. To avoid the basic fact that he will die can produce various forms of irresponsible behavior in an individual, not the least of which are self-destructive attitudes and acts.

Some of the games teen-agers play give clues to their anxiety and their efforts to allay it. Teen-agers engage in potentially self-destructive play. This play says something important. It may be their way of coming to terms with forms of reality that they could not confront openly because of the apprehension thrust upon them by threatened adults.

For instance, in the game called "chicken" where young people drive their cars toward each other at high speed to see who will pull out first—and be called "chicken"—they may think they are saying, "Look, folks, we are not afraid of death. We even make a plaything out of it." But actually they may be saying, "Look, folks, we're so apprehensive about death and its meaning that we are even willing to make a plaything of life in a desperate effort to face it and try to resolve it."

Perhaps our failure to provide the forms of needed communication can explain why the highest percentage of suicides now takes place among teen-agers. Some interpreters of this tragic fact say that it is an anxiety-charged effort to control death in time and place for even this control over the apparently uncontrollable event tends to reduce life-paralyzing anxiety.

It is always difficult to talk about things we feel anxious about. But learning to do what is difficult often removes much of the anxiety. Life is continually offering us the opportunity to open doors for significant communication about death.

But it is not merely a matter of talking. It must be talk that confirms reality. Ten thousand high-school seniors were given a questionnaire on attitudes. One question was, "Do you think science will find a cure for death?" More than 60 percent of these high-school seniors answered "yes" to this question. Such illusory thinking tends to show how far we have moved from facing reality. Our awareness of medical advancements, transplants, and skills in preserving life can cause us to forget that the person who gave the heart is dead.

There is always the question that faced Fred and his grandfather. This is the question that children need help in facing. This is the question adults have to face honestly before they can help children face it. □

✣ ✣ ✣

CATALYST

By Joan Danziger

Some things change rapidly—as steam to ice,
But hearts are slower to respond.
It takes another catalyst than purely heat
alone to
Persuade a frost-tipped rose to open,
anyway.

✣ ✣ ✣

ART MAY express many things: a skill, a feeling, a period of history, a culture. This time it was culture—the culture of Africa as it relates to black Americans.

The place was Calloway United Methodist Church in Arlington, Va., and the event was the church's second annual African Art Festival. The dominant work unquestionably was Kanuto Berquin's *Passion,* shown below and in partial detail on this month's cover. This remarkable piece—33 figures carved from a single piece of wood—depicts events in the week of Christ's Passion as seen through African eyes. Displayed in the chancel (left) during the Sunday-morning Communion

African Art Festival

service which opened the festival last May, it provided an unusual focal point for worship.

"Exciting" is the simplest and best word to describe the combination of art forms which drew enthusiastic response from Calloway members and their guests. A special invitation had been made to members of neighboring Mount Olivet Church, Arlington's largest all-white United Methodist congregation, and an exhibit of Afro-American History was on display in their church during the festival week. The intent was to use art as a bridge to create better knowledge and understanding among people of the community.

Most of the exhibits at Calloway Church—some 50 pieces of both ancient and modern work in wood, copper, ceramics, even straw—were from the Congo. Besides paintings, drawings, and sculpture, the art included such varied items as Congolese malachite jewelry, made from a beautiful green copper ore, and a traditional headpiece of an African chief. Major works, in addition to Berquin's *Passion,* were done by other Congolese contemporaries, Kalumba Gabriel, and

Barnabas Berquin, the brother of Kanuto.

Many of the pieces were from the personal collection of Calloway Church's then pastor, the Rev. Douglas Moore. Other art objects were loaned by the Museum of African Art, and black-history exhibits were provided by the Anacostia Museum. Both museums are in Washington, D.C. Photographer J. D. Clipper displayed a set of contemporary Afro-American portraits.

The exhibits were displayed at the church throughout the week, but other festival events were crammed into the open-

ing day's schedule. A "soul food" dinner followed the morning worship service, and, yes, there was food galore, especially ham hocks and greens.

Following the dinner, vibrant Miss Charlene Tull emphasized in a slide lecture that the culture of a people must be understood before its art can be appreciated. Her interpretation of the "hows" and "whys" of African culture was a good prelude to the vividly exciting performance of the Melvin Deal African Heritage Dancers and Drummers, two boys and four girls from Washington, D.C. Originally, the dancing was scheduled to be done outdoors, but it had to be moved inside the nave of the church because of rain. As it turned out, that added to the excitement.

To say the least, the dance exhibition was carried off with flair. The costumes were typical of today's African dress: ankle-length skirts and full-sleeved blouses worn by the girls, khaki knickers by the boys. Sounds of the singing and dancing to the rhythmic beating of the drums were like those one might expect to hear on a recording made in Africa at festival time today. But the intent, too, was to mirror the culture and feelings of a thousand generations of African people. And it did.

The difficult, seemingly disconnected movements of the dancers' heads, limbs, and torsos somehow blended into a smooth, synchronous style. Starting at a moderate pace, the movements intensified until the dancers were moving at astonishing speeds, and for a time the audience wondered if the wooden floor of the aging Calloway sanctuary would give way under the vibrating dancers' feet. It didn't happen, but it almost did.

Terry Townsend, a member of Mount Olivet Church, was the project's number one booster, sending out advertisements and securing equipment for the display.

Speaking of the festival, Mr. Townsend said, "I really think it has helped the community. At least it has broadened many insights."

Mr. Moore, a former United Methodist missionary in the Congo, added: "The Congo has a wealth of art which seems to be unexplored. I hope we can continue to expand upon its varieties and uniquenesses."

—James Campbell

While the African Art Festival was underway at Calloway Church (above), nearby Mount Olivet United Methodist had a showing of Carlton A. Funn's Afro-American History exhibit. Mr. Funn (light suit, below) has been collecting material on the contributions of black people to American history since 1955.

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

s the generation gap growing?

✣ Unfortunately, yes. And our problems are presently deeper than the term "generation gap" reveals. To some degree there always has been a generation gap. Older members of society see life in terms somewhat different from those of younger contemporaries because the two have different points of view.

We are experiencing today a clash of cultures. A generation of young people has grown up in the era of instant communication. Their earliest memories include impressions of tragedy and joy from around the world. It would be strange indeed if they held the same views as their elders. A member of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest, Erwin D. Canham, has said, "Fundamental misunderstandings between what are called the two cultures in America exist and are growing deeper."

Growing problems demand adequate answers. Christians of the 1970s must not be overwhelmed by social problems that seem to grow bigger with every prediction. The Good News of reconciliation is that people of all kinds—Jew and Greek, rich and poor, young and old—can be brought together in Christ.

re there times when a Christian must use violence?

✣ A "yes" or a "no" would miss the question's deeper implications. Young Christians are asking seriously whether or not violence is the way in which they can best live out their faith in an exceedingly oppressive society. This is the subject for an entire book, but we can suggest an answer.

There are situations in which a Christian feels deeply frustrated: appeals for conferences are denied; nonviolent demonstrations are scorned; efforts to negotiate are frustrated. Resentment is added to frustration, and people lose faith in nonviolence. At such times, it is only a short step to a priority of liberation, and the first order of business is chasing the money changers out of the temple.

The grave danger is that this will be done in the name of Christ. There is a time when the covert violence of an unjust system must face the judgment of overt violence from the oppressed. But this is quite different from saying that violence brings peace or that Christ triumphs over the world by the use of violence.

Our Lord went to the cross in a voluntary act of selfless, suffering love to reveal how far God would go to save men. This is the fundamental meaning of the cross, and the message comes to our secular society with urgency. The silent oppressors must cease their violence upon the oppressed, and the oppressed must seek liberation without becoming like those who hold them in bondage.

My Redeemer Lives!

By J. ELLSWORTH KALAS
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Madison, Wisconsin

Job by Robert Hodgell

ONE OF the most familiar pieces of music heard at Easter time comes from the Old Testament Book of Job. You probably will hear its words sometime in the course of this Easter season: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," set to music by George Frederick Handel.

Strange as it may be that the most memorable Easter music should come to us from a book written hundred of years before the first Easter, it is very right that it should be. Easter has to follow death.

There is a certain appropriateness in finding an Easter poem in the Old Testament. No book in the Bible and perhaps no book in any literature, so vividly and poignantly portrays the agony of humanity's painful Friday as does the Book of Job. Here in the story of one man is the range of human pain: the loss of family, health and economic security, betrayal by friends, and a sense of rejection by God.

If there is such a thing as "a living death," surely Job's experience deserves that title. He registers heartbeat and pulse, but all else of life is gone from him—all those factors that make life worthwhile, especially friends and family and health and God. Our Lord was crucified on a mount called Golgotha; Job suffered a tentative crucifixion on an ash heap of potsherds and broken dreams.

But agony is not the end of biblical faith. It is a mistake in the 20th century to understand only the Job of tragedy. I think that Archibald MacLeish's poem-play *J. B.* is significant in this regard. MacLeish built his memorable drama around the Old Testament story of Job and brought it up to date. J. B. is a successful 20th-century businessman. The three friends who come to console him are a clergyman, a psychiatrist, and a philosopher.

When MacLeish brings the story of his modern Job to an end, he cannot conclude with the declaration of faith which is in the biblical story. Instead, as the curtain falls J. B. and his wife are sitting in the midst of their loneliness and despair with only feeble hope and admirable, though despairing, courage.

That is likely to be the mood of much of our generation. Having lived with war and rumor of war, having seen the capacity for human destruction, having witnessed within less than a decade the assassination of a president, a presidential candidate, and a world leader in brotherhood, we speak knowingly and poignantly of manhood's black Fridays. Yet we say little about an Easter.

We understand disaster, betrayal, hate, destruction and frustration, but we are not so familiar with faith and hope and life eternal.

We are so dedicated to hopelessness that we have developed a philosophy to justify it. We say, "Art ought to portray *reality*." Then we point to disaster and cry and add, "This is reality." Biblical faith would make one amendment to the statement. It would point to life and hope and say, "This, too, is reality. Why omit these from your picture?"

Probably no book portrays human tragedy more movingly than does the Book of Job. And within this book no chapter is so complete a summary of human agony as the

)th. It begins with Job's pathetic appeal to his friends:

"How long will you torment me,
and break me in pieces with words?"

He then complains that God has put him in the wrong
id walled up his way so that he can't escape. As for the
orld of family and friends, he says,

"I am repulsive to my wife,
loathsome to the sons of my own mother.
Even young children despise me; . . .
. . . . . .
All my intimate friends abhor me,
and those whom I loved have turned against me."

Even at the pit of his despair, you sense that something
ecial is coming, and Job announces as much:

"Oh that my words were written!
Oh that they were inscribed in a book!"

Then he makes it even stronger, for he wants some
rmanent, imperishable record:

"Oh that with an iron pen and lead
they were graven in the rock for ever!"

Then we learn what it is that Job wishes to record so
iffaceably. It is his "Easter" declaration:

For I know that my Redeemer lives,
and at last he will stand upon the earth;
and after my skin has been thus destroyed,
then without my flesh I shall see God.

o out of the blackest of his dark hours, Job has given
an Easter song, "For I know that my Redeemer lives."
B what does Job mean? For hundreds of years Bible
scolars contended simply that the author of Job was
spaking prophetically. They felt that somehow he had
rmentarily caught a glimpse beyond his own present
a envisioned the coming of Christ. Job somehow is en-
vioning something beyond the reach of his experience.

The Heart's Understanding

think that the writer of Job understood with his heart
ev while not comprehending with his mind. He sensed
th Christ, without knowing his name. It is almost as
thugh the shadow of the Christ ("the shadow of a
mhty rock in a weary land") had fallen across his path.
Wle he could not delineate a detailed description of
th reality back of the shadow, he knew that a reality
w causing the shadow which blessed his path.

ne author of Job chose a good word for Christ:
Reemer. In his day there was a law of family solidarity.
If u had to sell some of your property because you had
faln into debt, or if you had sold yourself into slavery
in rder to pay debts, your next of kin was obligated to
acts your *kinsman redeemer*. He was required, by the
lav of the Old Testament, to pay off your "mortgage"
or o buy you out of slavery, as your nearest relative.

Jb somehow senses that he has an "eternal relative,"
soreone who will at last stand upon the earth and who
wilbe on his side. He senses that he has a "near rela-
tiv in the Divine. And this is precisely what the New
Tes ment says of Jesus Christ. It refers to him as our
"El r Brother." He is our next of kin, the one qualified
by mily law to redeem us out of our mortgage to death
ancout of our slavery to sin.

Tis is not yet the end of Job's troubles. It is not even
the nd of his doubting and despairing. But certainly a
nev dimension appears. Job realizes that beyond the
hel essness and uncertainty of his human friends, and
beyond the presumed disfavor of God, he has an almighty friend, a redeemer. He senses, however imperfectly, that beyond death there is life, and beyond the destruction of the flesh there is still the meeting with God. However little he may know about Him, he knows that there is a Redeemer who will at last stand upon the earth.

All this comes to Job in the agony of his personal crucifixion.

And so it is again and again. Consider that early group of Christian believers. They had bound their lives to Jesus of Nazareth, leaving everything to follow him. Then they saw him apprehended, convicted, crucified; and all life seemed lost. They had come to believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God; now it seemed that he was no more than a crucified body rotting in a tomb.

A Great New Fact

But into the darkness of their despair came a great new fact. They found that their Redeemer lived and that he stood now upon this earth; and seeing him, they saw God. They were not theologians or philosophers of the Resurrection. They simply *knew* it. So, they witnessed to it, they sang it, they preached it, they lived it, they suffered for it, and they died by it. First and last, they held it—and were held by it.

Such was the faith of Martin Luther. Once when trouble was mounting and threatening to overwhelm him, Luther's friends saw him writing with his fingers in the dust of a table top, "*Vivit, vivit*" (He lives, he lives).

With the knowledge that Christ lives has come the knowledge that we shall live also. Our next of kin, our Elder Brother, the Christ, lives, "and at last he will stand upon the earth." After our flesh has been destroyed, still we shall see him. So Paul shouts, "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" And so the people of God through the centuries have believed and have faced death with courage and certainty.

Such is the faith we feel. Man has come alive in Jesus Christ.

Job—all through the lyric meditation we find in the Old Testament—is Everyman, a kind of Adam. Job's story begins in a setting that looks like Eden. Everything seems perfect. His life is surrounded by loveliness. But then his Eden is destroyed. As the book closes, however, Job is back in his Eden and, in fact, his circumstances are better than ever. Again he has a family, his health, the affection and the regard of his friends, and he has greater wealth than before. Everyman's life is perfect once again.

That is what Easter is all about. Eden is restored. Mankind lives now in a world were there is death, sorrow, and crying. A distance often separates us from each other—the distance of poor understanding and frequent misunderstanding. But with Christ's victory over the grave, we are assured a land where "death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away." In that land love is the dominant power and death is gone.

Out of the heap of his destruction, from the pit of his lostness, Job cries, "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Centuries later, disciples hurry in fright one early morning to visit the ash heap of their hopes, a borrowed tomb outside Jerusalem. And there they see what Job said he would someday see—the Redeemer, standing upon the earth. □

Letters

CHURCH SHOULD PLAY ROLE IN ENVIRONMENT ISSUES

The January issue of *Together* was superb! Every article hit home, stressing the problems of right now—too many people and not enough natural resources to last forever. You pointed out many things the individual can start to do immediately to help alleviate the world's problems.

People have to start thinking of the future generations. I believe the church must take the initial role by explaining to her followers that God gave us this wonderful planet to care for, not to destroy!

MRS. RONALD MAGGS
Mayfield Heights, Ohio

WHEN WILL MAN LEARN TO WALK LIKE A MAN?

The January issue is so full of challenge and comfort, of wonder and woe, I hardly know where to begin my praise. The *Prayer for Earth* [page 1] reminds me of this: Man has learned to swim like a fish in the sea, to fly like a bird in the sky, even to stand on the moon. When will he learn to walk like a man on the earth that is his God-given home?

Thanks, too, for *Lost Dominion*. It will be something to share with a late-waking generation.

MRS. GUY HEERS
Story City, Iowa

1971 CALENDAR: TOO FEW ADJECTIVES

I have subscribed to your magazine for a very long time. It contains too many excellent articles in each issue to start enumerating them.

There are not enough adjectives to describe the pages comprising the *1971 Calendar* in the January issue [pages 33-44]. Each sheet has been removed very carefully and will remain on my desk. One is more beautiful than the other. Not only the pictures but the verses are most inspiring and descriptive.

Congratulations is too simple a word to use.

EUGENE V. BRAUD
St. Petersburg, Fla.

JANUARY FEATURES SHOW AWARENESS OF CRISIS

The January issue was an excellent presentation of our environmental problem. The *Prayer for Earth,* the novelette *Lost Dominion,* the interview with Senator Joseph Tydings *[Too Many People . . . Too Much Garbage,* page 9], and the calendar all show a great awareness of the crisis we are facing.

I hope you continue your concern in future issues. I believe that religion, not science and technology, can be the major motivator in getting people concerned and involved. While science may be able to do the material work, religion is going to have to do the spiritual work—making people see the need for involvement.

I am only 18 and I want my future children to be able to see flowers, trees, birds, wildlife, and a blue sky just as I did. I want my children to live!

SUSAN WILSON
Dixon, Ill.

'DRAIN SWAMPS INSTEAD OF SWATTING MOSQUITOES'

Your emphasis on our environment and pollution in the January issue was timely and very good. However, I would like to offer a word of caution about simplistic solutions like those offered in *What One Person Can Do* [page 17] —especially the statement, "Buy only phosphate-free detergents that are biodegradable."

First of all, you should be informed that all soaps and detergents made in our country today are biodegradable and have been for several years.

Secondly, the phosphate question is far from resolved, as a number of recently published articles in responsible magazines and newspapers indicate.

Your other suggestion, "Find out if sewage treatment facilities in your town are adequate," is the real answer to the problem. W ar going to have to work for, and fund, tertiary treatment systems instead of talking about phosphies in detergents. This can be compare to draining malarial swamps instead of swatting mosquitoes.

MRS. GRETCHEN ZIEMEH
Manitowoc, Wis.

OTHER IDEAS ADDED TO WHAT ONE PERSON CAN DO

Your list of suggestions to fight pollution in *What One Person Can Do* is great, but it excluded a couple of ideas I have.

1. Forget you own a garbag disposal; add to the compost pi *Together* suggested.

2. Ban herbicides, not just personally, but work to ban the nationally as well.

3. Recycle newspapers and cardboard, too.

4. Buy used clothing whenev possible. Rent dress clothes you won't need to wear more th once. (These are real money savers as well.)

MARY ARAM
Los Angeles,

IT COULDN'T REALLY HAPPEN . . . OR COULD IT?

Herman Teeter's story, *Lost Dominion,* sure shakes up the reader When I finished it, I said to myself that things could not really get that bad by adding just 100 million more people. But then I thought, Well perhaps so. After all, who would have thought back in the days 100 million population in the U.S. that adding just one hundred million more, with an accompanying increase in technology, would put us in our present mess?

RODNEY SHAW, Director
Department of Population Problems
United Methodist
Board of Christian Social Concerns
Washington, D.C.

STIRRED—AND HAUNTED, TOO

Nothing I have read on the subject of our environment has stirred me so much as *Lost Dominion* by Herman B. Teeter. It really di more than that . . . it has haunt

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

If everyone who reads this story ld try to do his bit to stop tion where he lives, beginning himself, in his own home, with wn family, maybe we could down the process of destruction a little.
gether is a fine magazine. family enjoys each issue.
MRS. GEORGE C. CAMPBELL
New Milford, Pa.

'ELETTE: THE GREATEST

ur magazine always has been thing to be proud of when ing it to others. But now the ary novelette, *Lost Dominion*, t greatest! I am quite erned about the problems of lation and pollution so I nterested in the whole January Keep up the great work!
MRS. W. K. McCLAIN
Bethel Park, Pa.

OP'S ANSWERS F REAT BEAUTY

h issue of *Together* gives easure, and I have a file of issue since its beginning.
I ould be remiss if I did not u how much I appreciate *aith*. Bishop James S. Thomas rs the questions with ee thought and great beauty.
MARIE HAND
Huntington, Ind.

THE COCU PLAN AND AGAIN—AT GRASS ROOTS

What are the hierarchies to perpetrate upon the people CU (the Consultation on Union)? First, through all e years of the consultation, on't ask what sort of church common people feel will best ent Christ in the world. the leaders concoct a Plan n to perpetuate their d the "apostolic succession." ve there is an apostolic ion, but it includes people of God, not just a petuating segment.)
they ask the grass roots to eir plan without giving them ce to do so. Nowhere in our Methodist literature have where I can get a copy lan of Union so that I may ad it. Dare you publish ress which will supply lay with the Plan?
don't they start all over nd include the grass roots sk. If they want support, shouldn't the common people have a say in formulating the structure?
I'm not wholly negative about COCU: I do like the name, Church of Christ Uniting.
MRS. ROBERTA B. WEST
Chinook, Mont.

Reader West apparently missed Together's *July, 1970, report concerning the availability of copies of the COCU Plan of Union—65¢ each or 25¢ in quantities of four or more—from Cokesbury Book Stores and Regional Service Centers. For a report on a new kit to aid United Methodists in studying the plan, see page 19 in this month's* News *section.*
—Your Editors

WHAT A FATHER CAN BE ENLIGHTENED BY POEM

Among readers who responded to J. Frank Bartleson's poem *'I Can't Marry Her Now . . .'* was one who saw it as an exploitation of sex. [See *February* Letters, page 51.] To me, that poem in your December, 1970, issue [page 2] carries a deep and meaningful message as well as being a beautiful poem.
Jesus could say, "God is like a father," only because he knew a loving earthly father! As a church-school teacher, I always have been careful to describe God as being "like a father" only when we knew that the child had a truly loving father, whether blood related, adoptive, or a temporary foster father.
What the father of a child can be is enlightened in this lovely poem.
MRS. CHARLES J. DEVINE
Lake Oswego, Oreg.

NURSING SCHOOL PROUD OF POET-GRADUATE

It was a thrill to read Peggy Drinkwater's poem *'All This She Has Given Me . . .'* in the February issue [page 28]. Miss Drinkwater is a graduate of this hospital's school of nursing, and we are very proud of her. We rejoice that you included her inspiring poem in your excellent publication.
HERBERT A. McKAIN
Director of Chaplaincy Services
Methodist Hospital
Philadelphia, Pa.

'WHEN OUR NEEDS ARE MET, THEN WE CAN HELP OTHERS'

After reading Dr. J. B. Dibble's *Once in a While, a Respite* [February, page 40], I sat back and whispered, "Amen."
I, too, lived in Chicago and I don't know how I would have coped with the hectic way of life if it had not been for those respites found only within the church, especially during my youth, which wasn't very long ago.
When our needs have been met,

"I think my blood's clogged with too many vegetables!"

we are then able to go out and help others with theirs. This is true not only in big cities but in the richest of suburbs and the poorest of small towns.

MRS. C. R. BERGSTROM
Boulder, Colo.

DON'T GO TO EXTREMES: VARIED APPROACHES NEEDED

Amen and amen for Dr. Dibble's *Once in a While, a Respite*. I've promised myself time and again to write a letter either for or against certain *Together* articles, but this is the one that finally got through to me.

Dr. Dibble put into words what I've been saying to myself for quite a few years now, and he said it so clearly and directly.

My father used to say to me as a youngster when I'd get carried away by some new fad or dress style, "Don't go to extremes; try to strike a happy medium." And that's what I say now. We need some of the early fundamentalism and emotionalism as well as a newer social gospel and world concern.

MARTHA H. BLOOR
East Liverpool, Ohio

WARM WELCOME FOR TOGETHER

I want to express my deep appreciation for the articulate treatment of the ecology problems in the January issue and the knowledgeable presentation of our missions program in February. Also in February, I delight in the many gems in *Once in a While, a Respite, When You Have Trouble Relating to God* [page 23], *Jim and Susan's People* [page 25], *Teens* [page 57], *Books* [page 61], your superb photographs, and others.

Thanks for *Together* and all the expertise that goes into making it such a welcome periodical in our home.

MRS. E. KNIGHT WORTH
Canton, Ohio

'IMPLICIT' NOT 'EXPLICIT'

In Orion N. Hutchinson's *Open Pulpit* sermon, *Religion for the Space Age* [February, page 47], I believe there is an error, probably typographical, on page 48. Part of the sentence (a quotation from atomic scientist Wolfgang Pauli) reads: ". . . the mystical experience of unity obeys the explicit or explicit imperative. . ." Probably the phrase "explicit or implicit" should have been used here.

HAROLD A. OTIS
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Reader Otis is correct, of course. Our thanks to him for reporting the error and our apologies to Mr. Hutchinson for having committed it.
—Your Editors

FEBRUARY EMPHASIS ON MISSIONS APPRECIATED

I should just like to say thank you for the missions emphasis and information in the February issue.

I understand that the Board of Missions will need to reduce its 1971 budget because of a decrease in income. If all our people were better informed concerning our mission fields, perhaps they would give more for such a cause, and since *Together* has a much wider circulation than other denominational magazines, it seems to me that this is a good place to print missions information.

RUTH KNAUSS
Waseca, Minn.

STILL ENJOYING MESSAGE OF THE LIGHT COMPANY

Our church—Richfield United Methodist—was fortunate to have seen and heard The Light Company just a week before the February issue of *Together* arrived, so it was a surprise and a pleasure to find the picture of this marvelous musical group on page 17. I purchased both their records and am still enjoying their talent and message of "togetherness."

I am a poet at heart and especially enjoyed *Snowbound* and *Winter Beach* on the front and back inside covers.

The *Teens* section I never miss (our oldest son is 13 and we have four younger children), and I found the information on the peace symbol most interesting, having read other articles on its supposed evil meaning. I read the *Small Fry* stories at our breakfast table, and the *Letters* from readers are always of interest to me.

I do miss the witty little sayings [*Wicked Flea* and *Getting Along Together*] when they are omitted because I believe God is a God of laughter.

Thanks for letting me express my enthusiasm for *Together*.

MRS. RICHARD L[illegible]
Bloomington, [illegible]inn

ANSWER TO PEACE SIGN QUESTION SEEMED EVASIVE

You have a very fine contributing editor for the *Teens* column in Dr. Dale White, but I think he flopped in his answer to the tee[n] who wanted a simple explanation o[f] the peace sign in the February issue [page 60]. Instead of a answer Dr. White gave a partial answer and a biased defense.

Most young people who wear the so-called peace sign are not Communists and most of them have no interest in Marxist theories. Bu[t] as I wrote to Dr. White, they are trying to get information from people they trust. Above all, let's be honest and not evasive.

The Direction Action Committee Against Nuclear War in London did not create the "peace" symbol They used a symbol already in existence and gave it their own meaning. Dr. White went back only to 1958. Could he go back farther and try to find the origin of the sign?

KATHERINE RUPE[illegible]
Chatsworth, Ill.

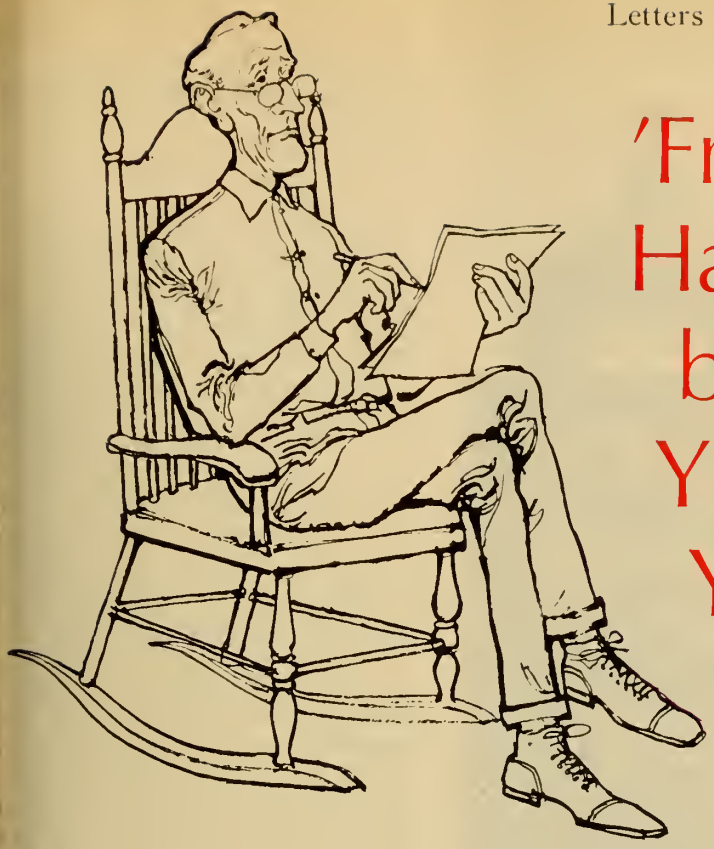
CROSS OF CHRIST DEFAMED

Contrary to Dr. Dale White's statement in the February issue regarding the so-called peace sign, it was originated in the Middle Ages as a protest against the Christian church. It was called the witch's foot and was a common symbol of the devil.

Certainly these facts are known to an organization such as you. Why do you uphold the false statements of the beatnik-hippies who use it as an excuse to defame the cross of Christ?

CASPER APEL[illegible]
Waukegan, Ill.

No fact known to us seems more important than the one Dr. White reported: The people we have met who wear the symbol do so to show they long for world peace as a goal that is "neither anti-American nor antichristian." There are many conflicting versions of the symbol's origin. But whatever meanings it or similar symbols may once have had, the overwhelmingly accepted meaning in 1971 is the one which honors rather than defames the cross of the Prince of Peace.—Your Editors



'Froggie, I myself Have not Always been the Saint You See before You Today . . .'

Dear Editur:

One day last week about 9 a.m. n the morning my friend and naybor Mr. Froggie Fenton nocked on my door and said "Hegbert may I come n. I have just spent a nite of agonie nd sole searching."

"Are you in truble again?" I ast ltho I knowed he was in truble for nct or twict a year at least Frog- ie is in truble of some kind as he a very nervis and impulsave indi- idul whom Dr. Henry over at Rock ity says has lots of over active glans.

"Yes, Hegbert, I am rassling with ne of my dred compulshuns. Hear it almost April Fool day agin and leas for all kinds of tricks is run- ing thru my mind. I must be stopt efore I give in to temtation and do mething rash and rong."

"Do you mean," I said, "like last ear when you called the Rock City eekly Clarion of which I am official sewhere coresptd. and imitated my ice and tole the editur to put it in e paper that a flying sawcer had nded over in my back pasteur be- nd a haystack?"

Froggie laffed and slapt his leg. hat was a good un wasnt it Hegbert? I liked to have dide laffing when the hedlines come out over your name saying little green men was seen hear in Elsewhere."

I tole Froggie no harm was did sense the Clarion editur tole me he always runs at least 1 April Fool story ever year to delight folks.

Then my wife Abby come in from the kitchen and said: "Hello there Mr. Fenton how about a cup of coffee and I also have some sage sawsage and cold biskits left over which Hegbert didnt eat."

"I wood be much obliged Miz Clutter," Froggie said, "since I am so upset I have not yet et today."

After he had et, Froggie rung his hands together and craked his nuckles. "Hegbert," he said, "it is terribul for a growed up man to suffer the April Fool joke curse ever year. It has not gave me a minits rest for weeks. I need cownsuling and came over to beg you to have intersession for me with Bro. Viktor whom is your friend and paster."

Abby ast: "Do you want some more sawsage and biskit and coffee Mr. Fenton or shud I throw it out to the chickens?"

"I dont want to make a pig of myself, Miz Clutter, but my rate of metablism is high this a.m. and I hate to see good food throwed out the kitchen door, hard as times is in these parts."

When he had cleaned his plate, I said: "Bro. Viktor is as much your friend and paster as he is mine, Froggie. Why dont you go over and ast him for your self?"

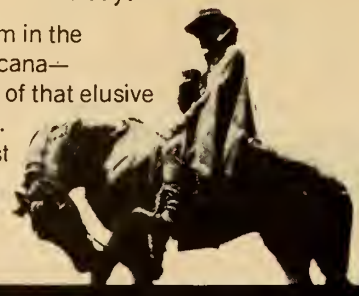
"I wood Hegbert xcept I am not now on the best terms with our preacher sense they has bin so much work for me to do around the house at church time on Sunday and I also have not bin as prompt with my pledge as promised. I know the minit I see him Bro. Viktor will say hello Froggie have you bin on a overseas trip or was you serving a sentence in jail, I havent seen you for so long."

Well, Mr. Editur, I have never seen nobody suffering like poor old Froggie. His hands was tremblin and he was all broke out in the sweats.

"Hegbert, I come to you because you sit at the right hand of Bro. Viktor as lay leader, finance chm., and hed usher as well as a member of the bord of trusties of the Elsewhere

"Captures the movement and the practicality and the excitement of the Methodist Church in a marvelous way."—*Bishop Gerald Kennedy.*

This new narrative history of Methodism in the United States is a major slice of Americana—a revealing commentary on the growth of that elusive phenomenon, the American character. And, because "few historians can boast the author's wit or style, fewer still his perception and wisdom, the book is a delight."—*Frank E. Vandiver.*



Organizing to Beat the Devil

Methodists and the Making of America

Charles W. Ferguson

Author of *Naked to Mine Enemies*

$7.95 at all booksellers

Doubleday

YOU'RE WHISTLING IN THE DARK...

if you think that heart disease and stroke hit only the other fellow's family.

GIVE... so more will live
HEART FUND

UM church, and I am onley a poo lost sinner took over by the Apr devil."

"Shucks, Froggie," I said, "I myse have not always bin the saint you se before you today. Dont you remem ber when we was boys how we di some awful tricks on Old Man Adum who run the general store? Do yo rekollect the time we printed tha sine which said 'Rotten Eggs fo Sail—Cheep Cheep' and put it up i front of his store on April Fool day?

"Oh Hegbert," Froggie xclaime with joy, "them was great days wasr they? Why dont we print us up som more sines this year?"

I told Froggie I wood not lisse to him but wood go over to see ou preacher and ast him to try and he Froggie in his hour of trial, whic I did, but Bro. Viktor only laffed:

"None of us is imune to such tem tations, Hegbert," he said. "Do yo reckollect the April Fool joke yo pulled on me last year which wa wrote up in the TOGETHER maga zine? I was standing on the stree corner when you cum up and sai you had just seen the bishup and th districk supratendant in town, bu they wasnt?"

"I shud not have did that, Bro Viktor," I said. "Froggie put me up to it."

"Well, the Good Book has heaps t say about things like false pride vanity and hipocricy, to which non of us mortals is imune to either. S when you tole me the bishop anc the D.S. was in town, even tho the wasnt, I run home to clean up m study. I dusted off the United Meth dist Disciplun. I spred papers on m desk like I was working hard or my sermon. I put on a clean shir and shone my shoes. And then wher the bishup and D.S. didnt show up I got to thinking, and said to myself Harol Viktor you are putting on a false front and you shud be ashamed which I was. So I want to thank you Hegbert for pulling that April Foo trick on me last year."

Well, after that Bro. Viktor went over to see Froggie. I havent herd what happened yet and I dont know if it done Froggie any good. But if I see a big "Rooms For Rent" sine in front of the parsonage on April Fool day I will know they aint no hope for poor old Froggie.

Sinserely,
H. Clutter

Teens

By DALE WHITE

"HOW CAN I find a pen pal?" For several years young people have been asking my help in finding someone to write to overseas. Others have written with enthusiasm about agencies which helped them to find friends in other cultures. After a lot of checking, I recommend these agencies:

Letters Abroad, Inc., 18 East 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 (for students 15 and older; no service charge).

International Friendship League, 40 Mount Vernon St., Boston, Mass. 02108 (registration fee $1; descriptive folder on request).

League of Friendship, P.O. Box 509, Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050 (ages 12 to 19; send service charge of 35¢).

Ambassadors for Friendship, 4300 Lennox Dr., Miami, Fla. 33133 (will accept requests from teachers only; ask your teacher to write for information).

People to People, 2401 Grand, Kansas City, Mo. 64141 (thousands of applicants matched annually).

Student Letter Exchange, Waseca, Minn. 56093 (claims to be the largest bureau of its kind).

Youth of All Nations, 16 St. Luke's Place, New York, N.Y. 10014 (ages 14-26 included).

When writing for a pen pal, a self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed. Give your name, age, sex, major in school, hobbies, and interests. List three countries which interest you, tell which languages you can read and write besides English, and whether you want to write to a boy or girl.

Q&A

Since I came to the university, I have become very lonely. Though I belonged to almost every organization in high school, carried the most credits in my class, and worked hard with my studies, as well as outside work, I could not do this after coming to college. I became emotionally nervous inwardly, but never dared to show this to anyone else.

I find it impossible to study, but still maintain a 2.5 or C-plus average in college. Every time I open up one of my books I feel I am going to flunk the course before I even start reading, and then I just put the book away.

I just cannot seem to kick this worrying habit. I read the book *The Power of Positive Thinking* by Norman Vincent Peale and it helped me a little for a while. When I do not worry I can read 900-1300 words a minute with 90 per cent comprehension, but because of worrying, I can read just as fast, but the comprehension is cut down to 70 per cent and below.

I have joined the church, belonged to the choir, and have been youth counselor. I am an active member of Wesley Foundation. I love people and love to converse and work with them, but as soon as I am alone, I get so nervous I could almost cry.

I cannot take this up with my parents for they will just laugh it off and tell me to act like a man. I cannot take it to my minister for I do not know how to talk about such a personal matter with him.

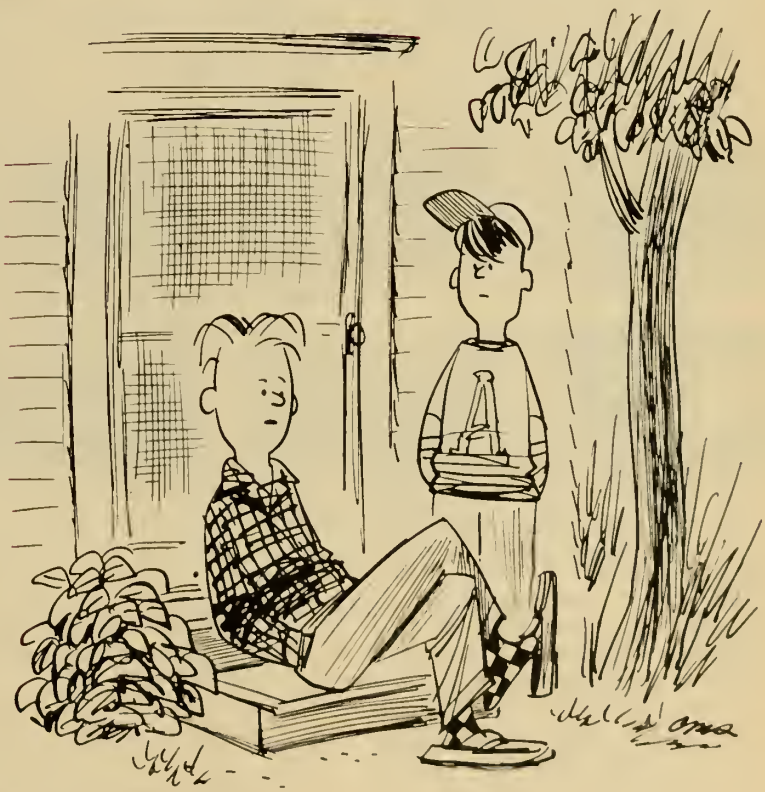
I have become very scatterbrained, because of this, and sometimes I forget what day it is because of my constant worrying. Sometimes I forget even my best friends' names for I am so nervous inwardly. Please help me to understand my problem so that I might conquer it.—D.L.

Your reading might have encouraged you to bury, disguise, or explain away powerful negative feelings. You don't need that right now. You need to get these feelings out into the open in a way that you can deal with them and grow beyond them. You are hung up in some way; a professional counselor could be of real help to you. Check with the psychology department or student health service. They can advise you on the best source of help.

Q&A

For some time now I've been dating a boy who's the son of a preacher from another denomination. I suppose because of his background, he is very much concerned about our religious compatibility. So religion is often a topic of conversation for us.

The problem is not that the beliefs he holds differ from mine. Most of these I've been able to explain as a matter of our different



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
© 1958 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I thought she was saving my letters because she liked me. Now I find out it's because the church is having a paper drive."

interpretation of the Bible or my lack of knowledge on what the Bible says. The thing which upsets me most is his attitude toward his religion and religion in general.

I've always felt that a belief in God and a close relationship with him brought, not continued happiness or an end to all troubles but an inner peace and contentment. A person's religion should make him an optimist in every way.

My friend's religion, however, seems to do nothing but upset him. He's so worried about destroying his chances for life after death that he can't enjoy the here and now. He lives in constant anxiety. I believe we should be concerned with eternity, but not to the point where we fail to make the most of our lives. Am I wrong? Should religion burden a believer so, or should it free him?

His attitude makes me more wary of developing a closer relationship than his actual beliefs do.—C.W.

I share your concern about the attitude your boyfriend shows. Gloomy religion can hardly be the good news of Christ. Otherwise, how can we interpret his words: "Do not worry about tomorrow; it will have enough worries of its own. There is no need to add to the troubles each day brings." (Matthew 6:34, Today's English Version.)

I am afraid your friend has missed the joyous proclamation of the New Testament: God is love! His early church training may explain his anxieties. More likely, he is using religion as a means of rationalizing deeper emotional problems. I think you are right—his attitude is more important than any difference in beliefs. Think twice before you consider marriage!

Q&A

I hang around with a group of five other girls. We are all good, clean ninth-graders. We don't smoke, drink, or play around with boys. Not being very popular doesn't bother us.

Two girls in our group, one a minister's daughter, believe they are perfect Christians. I also feel that I'm a Christian, but because I go to dances and movies (although they're clean), they don't believe that I am. They think that anyone who smokes will go to hell. (My parents smoke and an uncle who's an Episcopal priest smokes a pipe.)

I recently went to a weekend Bible conference with them, and all that I learned was that if I don't pay attention to a long list of "don'ts," I'll go to hell. Dr. White, I believe in God as my heavenly Savior. I'm trying to be a good Christian. But how can I, if I just don't know how to be one? Before I went to that Bible conference, I believed I *was* a Christian. But now I'm so confused. Am I really living a life as righteous as I thought I was, or are my friends right?—S.C.

Your friends have a right to their religious convictions. You have a right to yours, too! You have no call to be ashamed of your faith or your moral performance. I sense that your open, life-affirming and tolerant spirit is closer to the radiant faith of the New Testament than that of your friends.

Q&A

I am a boy, 17, a junior in high school. I have a *B* average in my schoolwork and am a member of our football, basketball, and baseball teams. I am president of the junior class, and a very religious person. I am in love with a girl, but her parents won't accept me. My parents are divorced and I live with my father.

This girl is from a middle-class family. Her parents don't believe in divorce. Because I come from the wealthy part of town, they won't let us see each other. They won't let me talk to her on the telephone or have one date with her.

I have tried to talk to her parents about letting us date, but the only thing they say is that a girl 17 doesn't need to be going out on dates yet. She has two sisters, ages 15 and 19, and both of them date. What can we do?—C.M.

It sounds as though her parents are being spooked by the ghost of the old double standard. For generations boys from wealthy homes have taken advantage of girls from across the tracks. In some areas this was the kind of behavior everybody expected to see. They didn't condone it, they just saw it as a fact of life.

Maybe they still do that kind of thing in some places; we seem to learn very slowly. Anyway, her parents may see you as something of a playboy. Your father's divorce may double their fears. People often think boys raised with no mother in the home must be rough an tough.

You have to bridge your credi bility gap in some way. Could yo have a man-to-man talk with he father? Ask him to level with yo on what worries him. If you thin he is stereotyping you in an unfai way, reassure him on the kinds o values you hold. Make an agree ment setting limits on your datin behavior. Then toe the mark i every way, so her parents can lear to trust you. Otherwise, you wil have to settle for informal meeting at school, library, games, youth fellowship, and the like.

Q&A

I am a girl of 16. I like this boy Sam (not his real name), very muc and he likes me, but my friends ar causing trouble.

When Sam first moved here las fall, some of the hoods at schoo started calling him a homosexua which he definitely is not. This le to more trouble and one day a bo knocked Sam out. He lost his mem ory for about three days. Since h seemed to be in need of all th friends he could find, I started talk ing to him. I found that I liked hin immensely. Then someone wh "didn't want me to be hurt" tol me he was a Communist. I didn' say anything, but later he said h was very much American, but tha he did have a few communisti ideas.

Now he does have some pretty far-out ideas about things. Aroun here if you are different you ar branded for the duration as eithe strange or ill upstairs. Anothe thing that Sam has to fight is tha his mother was committed to the state mental hospital before she died, and everyone says that he is taking after her.

It is all the nice people—the ones who think I am doing this to be kind—that are my problem. They come up to me and say, "I'm so glad you two are dating; maybe you can change his ways." How can I convince these people that I really like him?—M.H.

Your letter raises so many questions in my mind. It is always a shameful piece of business when a community scapegoats a young person in this manner. The problem is how to get them to stop it, how to protect him from damage, and how to keep from being hurt yourself in trying to help him. It is hard

for me to advise you without answers to questions such as: How much does Sam provoke attacks on himself to meet subconscious inner needs? Does he have emotional problems which need professional attention? How sick is the community? Who is available to help?

In general, it is good to create a little circle of support and acceptance for you and Sam, if possible. Your church youth group may be able to function this way, or a close group of loyal friends. Adult counsel is essential. Your minister or youth counselor may be approached, or an understanding teacher or guidance counselor at school.

Q&A

I have heard many times that one should fear God. I don't understand this at all. To me fearing God would mean that one would be afraid of his powers. And if God is good then we needn't be afraid. I don't think I fear him. Does this mean I'm believing wrong?—B.H.

The term "fear of God" in the Bible means reverence for God. Reverence is the emotion a person feels in the presence of that which is both powerful and good. A small child stands in awe of his father's power and reveres his strong, dependable goodness. A mature person stands in awe of the amazing cosmic forces which give him life. If through faith he learns to trust those forces, to affirm the goodness of life, to be grateful to God for the privilege of living, he becomes reverent.

Reverence is the beginning of knowledge, according to the Book of Proverbs (1:7). The wise man is one who understands that we owe our life to God. He is filled with wonder at the beauty and the intricate order of reality. He fears breaking the natural and moral laws of God. Ask your minister if you might borrow volume four of the *Interpreter's Bible*. Study pages 384-85.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

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David Frost: Profile of a P.

By DAVID O. POINDEXTER

One of television's most popular imports is the host of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company's The David Frost Show. *And he commutes weekly to London for a talk show there.*

PREACHERS' kids, it is rumored, are unusually talente in the "holy terror" department. Being a card-carry ing P.K. myself, I have long viewed that article c folklore faith with an eyeful of jaundice. After all, P.K. are very big in the *Who's Who* department.

Acting on the theory that it takes one to know one, recently made a pilgrimage into midtown Manhattan t talk with David Frost. In one short year this P.K. from British Methodist parsonage has flashed like a meteo across American television screens.

Star of his own talk show for the Westinghouse Broad casting Company, on the air in only 70 television marke areas, this newcomer was selected (after but four months over all his fellows to receive the coveted Emmy awar for his excellence as a talk-show host. So successful is hi show that in six months it moved out of the red an into the money-making bracket—a remarkable recor

American TV viewers rapidly accepted David Fros as their own, delighting in his British accent, chortlin over his ebullience on camera, fascinated by his uncann ability to establish rapport with his guests, and ofte gasping as he led those guests to reveal some of thei innermost secrets before a nationwide audience.

Church members often were gratified to see religiou sensitivities shared without guile or apology. On th one hand, David coaxed his worldly guests to shar their doubts, conflicts, and faith; on the other, he ex pressed his pride and admiration for his sister an brother-in-law who head a mission hospital in Nigeri

David Frost is loath to talk about himself or to revea his inner thoughts to his audience. But he has been th subject of a plethora of articles. What comes through i the profile of an extremely talented, energetic youn man with an inescapable religious heritage, but with prominent strain of the *enfant terrible* in him. He has for example, been romantically linked with a number o beautiful women but continues to eschew any though of marriage. He commutes between London and Nev York, hosting shows in both countries and often spend ing weekends in Los Angeles with his latest beautifu friend.

With all this in mind I sat down (after a lengthy wai in the reception area—David's reputation for latenes being legendary) to turn the tables and play the inter viewer. I came away convinced that the key to under standing the David Frost we see on television lies in hi Methodist-parsonage childhood.

We met in his office in New York's "Little Theatre'

/here the TV show originates. I huddled in my vested uit, the room freezing in tribute to the British lack of entral heating. David sat sidewise on his chair, as always, lad in a thin sports shirt but radiating a warm, expansive r. What follows is a report of our encounter.

Life in the Frost parsonage was similar to that of ıany others. On Sunday, it was church both morning ıd evening, mixed with liberal doses of Sunday school in ıe afternoon—and David was expected to attend it all. How," I asked, "did you stave off boredom during all ıat 'churching'?" No problem, he replied, "I'd just sink to thought, memorizing names of football teams."

Sunday school, I gathered, was more exhortation and ss education. David told me about one time when the ıtire assemblage of wriggling children was being ad- essed by an itinerant evangelist who announced: "I ant to speak to you of 'SW'!" With arms flailing and ice rising, the evangelist then revealed "SW" to the ildren. It turned out to be the Savior of the World, ho came to Sychar's Well, met the Samaritan Woman, d gave her Satisfying Water.

At this point the evangelist now in full-blown zeal fixed l: eyes on the children and thundered, "and she came . . . ?"

Down in front, little David Frost, already with a strong sain of the performer in him, shouted, "Satisfied Woman?" Without a pause the evangelist shouted, "Yes, c yes, *Sanctified Woman*. I really meant 'Soul Winner,' Et Sanctified Woman is better. What a wonderful an- ser from a child!" David did not think it was so nderful. And there he vowed that if he was ever up in front of an audience, he would listen to what really vs said and not just what he wanted to hear. Thus are s ds planted.

Money is no problem for David Frost. One of the hhest paid performers, he currently earns in excess of $ million a year. It was not always so. Looking back, h does not really understand how his parents did it, b somehow they always provided for all the family n ds. "Food at our house was terrific and plentiful. C Sundays we had roast lamb or roast beef, and it was as good as anything I can buy today in a fancy restau- ra ." As a matter of fact, in looking back, David is qick to say, "I owe a fantastic amount to my childhood. M parents were a great team and they gave me so m ch. I am never nervous these days, and that comes fr n my childhood."

olumes have been written about the conflicts and tr mas faced by ministers' wives. I asked David whether su ever troubled his mother. "My mother was a woman of ndependent achievement, but she was also a leader in he church—she was always fully involved in the ch rch, and loved it. She and my father made a great te n."

/hat comes out is that David Frost's childhood was as ormal as kidney pie. He was never "bugged" because hi father was a clergyman, and he did not rebel against th fact. Why? "My father was a real guy. He lived his ov life, yet no one ever doubted his convictions."

ough he did not rebel, David admits that as a yo h, when the family served the church in Gillingham, he vas a "typical rascal." He was part of a gang that ga ered in the park and got into various kinds of mis- ch f. Actually, he says, "I wasn't that aware of my father's position. We were always great pals. I respected him, but I led my own life."

David's first ventures into show business came in his father's churches. When he was 13, he wrote and staged his first "show" in the church. His second came when he was 15 and the family lived in Northampshire. It was called *Show Time* and included parodies of popular TV programs such as *This Is Your Life*. Television was already in his blood.

By the time he was 19, David had his local preacher's license and often appeared in the pulpit with his father. But he never seriously contemplated the ministry for himself. Show business was his goal. He went to Cambridge for his college degree, and what he remembers best about those years are the shows he wrote and staged.

Is he still interested in things religious? Most assuredly. With his intercontinental commuting and the pressures of his seven-day work week, he does not participate actively in church life. Still, he subscribes to the faith he was raised in. The latest thing he has done for his church was to toast a gathering of 3,000 Methodist Association of Youth Clubs members meeting in London's Central Hall.

Would he like to do something similar for American Methodists? "Most assuredly." Does he consider what he is doing in any sense a form of ministry? "I wouldn't claim that it is in the sense of preaching. What I do provide is a platform for my guests."

Does he have a point of view in his show that is in any sense influenced by his religious beliefs and upbringing? "If I have any such point of view, it is that, in the end, I am against anything that makes life less than it can be for other people."

As David Frost articulated his position, I remembered Susanna Wesley's definition of sin: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes away your relish for spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing for you is sin."

David Frost is a man of our age. He is less concerned about personal sin and more concerned about social sin. Nevertheless, I found his point of view a succinct translation of Susanna Wesley's definition into contemporary terms and into a show that daily reaches into millions of homes. I think Susanna would be pleased.

Before we parted, we talked about some of the great social problems of our time. I mentioned UN Secretary-General U Thant's statement to the effect that we have but one decade left to make rapid progress toward ending the arms race, defusing the population bomb, cleaning up the environment, and lending necessary momentum to development efforts worldwide. If we do not make sufficient progress in this decade, trends will be irreversible.

I asked David if he thought there was much that he could do in the face of this terrible challenge. I wish he had responded more forcefully. What he said was: "Everyone can do something. I do not know that there is a great deal my program can do. Maybe we can shed a little light and leave the audience to draw their own conclusion."

What David Frost can do depends to a large degree on how much he and his producer believe they must

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cater to American tastes by scheduling vapid stars and starlets so as to win ratings and provide escape entertainment. David Frost has partially bucked this trend by including a number of serious people among his guests. Such scheduling does more than any other single thing to promote lively public discussion of the crucial issues of our time—and such discussion is essential.

No doubt the ministry of David's father made an inestimable contribution to many people. There are all too many stories of clergymen who were so absorbed in their work that their children were shortchanged. In my seminary days a visiting Methodist bishop advised us that we would be too busy as ministers ever to have much time for family life.

I much preferred the witness of my professor, Dr. George Buttrick, who told us he always saved Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons for his family and most Monday evenings for his wife. His sons all followed in his footsteps. It appears that the elder Frost's most important ministry was at home with a boy growing up in the parsonages of the churches which he served.

British Methodists have been coming to our shores as missionaries since the days of Francis Asbury, and we have benefited from their labors. It is yet too early to assess the contribution which David Frost will make to our land. His potential is enormous. Most assuredly, he proves that there is more ability than devil in most preachers' kids.

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

March 21, 1-1:30 p.m., EST on ABC—Interreligious Special: *Religion in America Today—The Family-1.* **March 28**—*The Family-2.*

March 21, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on PBS—*The World We Live In: The Weather Watchers.* **March 28**—*The World We Live In: Survival in the Sea.*

March 22, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on NBC—*Winnie the Pooh and the Haney Tree* (rerun).

March 23, 10-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*Justice in America,* Port I. **April 20**—Port II. (Dates tentative.)

March 23, 9-10 p.m., EST an PBS—The Advocates: *Should the U. S. Discontinue Military Aid to Greece?* **March 30**—*Should Your State Adopt a Pretrial Detention Statute?*

March 24, 9-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*Jane Eyre* with George C. Scott and Susannah York.

March 25, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on PBS—NET Playhouse: *They.*

March 26, 8:30-10 p.m. EST on NBC—Hallmark Hall of Fame: *Gideon.*

March 28, 7-7:30 p.m., EST an CBS—*Peanuts* Special: *Play It Again, Charlie Brown.* Stars Schraeder.

March 28, 9-11 p.m., EST an ABC—The Tony Awards. Emphasizes musical comedies of the past.

March 28, 10-11:30 p.m., EST on PBS—Fanfare: *Cinderella.*

March 29, 7-7:30 p.m., EST on PBS—*Because We Care.* Program about drugs.

March 31, 8:30-10 p.m., EST an PBS—*The Great American Dream Machine.*

March 31, 9-11 p.m., EST on ABC—A George Plimpton Special: *Did You Hear the One About . . . ?* With S. Allen, W. Allen, Diller, Berle, and Winters.

April 4 (time to be annaunced) on ABC—*Peter Cottontail.* Danny Kaye narrates animated special.

April 4, 5-6 p.m., EST on CBS—Young People's Concert with Leonard Bernstein: *Thus Spake Richard Strauss.*

April 7, 10-11 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Lou Harris National Poll.*

April 13, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*National Geographic* Special: *Journey to the High Arctic.*

April 15, 10-12 p.m., EST on NBC—The Oscar Awards.

April 21, 9-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*David Copperfield.*

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

Love Story (GP)—Written first as a film script, **Love Story** was rushed into book form and promated as *the* love story of the younger generation. Now the film appears, as slight and shallow as the "book," but with one important plot change. There is no father-son reconciliation at the end. It is true that it is hard not to cry when a 25-year-old girl dies, but it is also hard not to be cynical at the kind of exploitation of emotions of which this fragile little work is guilty.

I Never Sang for My Father (GP)—Melvyn Douglas is the father who has reached 80 standing tall with the dignity of a community leader, but without any insight into his relations with his two grown children. Son Gene Hackman finds himself unable to leave his father, but also incapable of communicating his love to him. This is the careful probing of interpersonal emotions **Love Story** pretends to be.

Joe (R)—Billed as a "new" film, Joe is really an exploitation picture that exudes a feeling of hatred for youth and that segment of the lower middle class that has come to be known as "hard hat." Peter Boyle plays the title role and in several scenes brings the film alive with his portrayal of a hard-hat bigot. But the implausible plot, flat supporting performers, excessive violence and sex make this a disappointing excursion into some of today's crucial problems. □

Religion and Records . . .

Getting It All Together

By LYNDA PEAK
Editorial Assistant, *Together*

ARE THE sacred and secular-music scenes switching roles? It sometimes appears that way. While more and more churches vibrate with folk, jazz, and rock sounds, popular rock-music has discovered religion.

The most ambitious pop venture into the Scriptures so far is the recent Decca release *Jesus Christ Superstar*. This two-record, 87-minute "rock opera" depicts the last seven days of the life of Christ using language, symbols, and sounds of today's youth.

Created by Britishers Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, *Superstar* reflects the skepticism and questioning of youth as it asks, "Jesus Christ, who are you?" or as it says in one song title, *I Don't Know How to Love Him*.

"We really don't see Christ as

God," commented Rice, "but as simply the right man in the right time in the right place."

In this humanistic portrayal, Jesus is "Superstar" to Judas. He is a charismatic mortal much like a super rock singer today—with all the ego hangups. In the end he simply dies, and his faith in his divinity and hope of resurrection are seen as delusions.

While the devout may be offended at this modern-day passion story which leaves Jesus in the grave, others find it inspirational and relevant for today. In a letter to his conference newspaper, the Rev. David Richardson, associate pastor of the San Luis Obispo (Calif.) United Methodist Church, called it the "most inspirational interpretation of Jesus that I have ever experienced.

"For the orthodox the stress on Jesus' humanity will be upsetting . . . His struggles, his warmth, his compassion, his humanity are vivid and realistic in a way that makes him possible for those who have lost him because of his divinity. He is truly a transformer of people, and it is his love that does it, not his superpower."

Mr. Richardson believes the most important question of our time is that raised in *Superstar* by Judas before the Crucifixion: "Jesus Christ, who are you? What have you sacrificed?" The question is serious, noted the pastor: "We all want to know."

Youth are taking it seriously as evidenced by brisk sales of the album —150,000 copies within the first month of its release. But Andrew Lloyd Webber, composer of the musical score, and Tim Rice, writer of *Superstar*'s words, have greater ambitions for their rock opera, which is actually a combination of musical forms—rock, ballads, hymns, folk, rhythm and blues, and classical. They hope eventually to get backing for a stage production.

Jack Loetz, president of Decca Records, sees a move toward religion among rock lyricists as well as performers. "I think it's because young people are looking for meaningful subject matter. While there is a movement away from the church by young people, creative people may be able to stimulate a new interest in religion through music that questions and stirs controversy."

This new interest in religion was apparent in three of the top hits in 1970: The Beatles' *Let It Be,* Norman Greenbaum's *Spirit in the Sky,* and Simon and Garfunkel's *Bridge Over Troubled Water,* which was the top-selling single of the year, according to *Billboard* magazine.

Among current hits the Sweet Revival asks *Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up?* and Teagarden and Van Winkle sing of *God, Love & Rock 'n' Roll.* The Byrds say *Jesus Is Just Alright,* and Bob Dylan scolds people for their indifference to God in *Three Angels.*

One of the fastest selling albums on the market is George Harrison's three-record *All Things Must Pass.* The first hit single from this album praises *My Sweet Lord* and says, "I really want to know you, Lord."

This popular move toward religion is perhaps most obvious in one hit single from Judy Collins's latest album, *Whales and Nightingales.* Stay tuned to just about any disc-jockey program a few hours and you undoubtedly will hear *Amazing Grace.* Sound familiar? Turn to page 92 of the *Methodist Hymnal.* Miss Collins's popular version is the same song many congregations sing at Sunday-morning worship: "Amazing grace! How sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me . . ."

Revival Not Limited

The current revival of religion in popular music is not limited to the stereo. Blended with other traditional forms of music it is being performed "live" in the rock-music concert halls.

At New York's Fillmore East, the "cathedral of rock," classical organist Virgil Fox played to near capacity audiences and featured music of Johann Sebastian Bach whose works, he told his audience, always carried the dedication, "To God Only." The audience loved it, according to John J. O'Connor in *The Wall Street Journal.* He added that "when Mr. Fox would bounce down from his playing bench to give a short lecture on the glories of the music and its direct connection with the glory of God, they loved that, too."

While Mr. Fox reminded his audiences of the strong traditional ties between music and religion, Mr. O'Connor pointed to the religious strain in popular American music. It is "particularly detectable in country and Western ballads or, directly, in the Negro gospel form, which has been transmitted into the popul 'soul.' "

Another observer remarked that th musical "foundation of the rock ' roll of Elvis Presley and the Ever Brothers was revivalism and pent costal worship."

The rediscovery of religion popular music is part of a new er Record companies are panicking ov declining record sales, and mus critics are shouting the death of th "age of rock."

From a recent *Variety* column can the observation that "six years ag the Beatles ushered in the era th is just coming to an end, just as Elv Presley broke new ground 10 yea before."

Others suggested that the split-u of the Beatles, the drug deaths stars Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin and Rolling Stone performance i Altamont, Calif., where four death occurred, have spurred the decline rock and left the audience and pe formers emotionally exhausted.

Commented rock critic Albe Goldman, "The rock festival h degenerated into a grotesqu tragicomedy peopled by swindlin promoters, gate-crashing kids, clut wielding cops, and money-mad star It's the period of the 'New Depre sion.' "

The age of the superstar is ove proclaimed *Newsweek* in its cove story on the future of rock. "Wha is urgently needed is a human scal . . . The most hopeful strain in po music [is] a highly poetic, musicall refined form of lyric and tunes tha combines the best elements of roc with some of America's most basi musical heritage—the direct, ur varnished feelings of black blues an country music.

"The new direction is toward con templation, appreciation, celebration a self-effacing harmony and pois seeking to refocus on a utopian visio that had become fuzzy—a gettin 'back to the Garden,' as Joni Mittche sings."

Part of this change is seen by som as a deliberate attempt by rock star to move away from the drug cultur which has become associated witl their profession.

Others suggest that this new direc tion comes in part from the churche or is a reflection of a nontraditiona quest for religion among youn people—like the Jesus Movement in

California which began subtly and emerged as a full-fledged fundamentalist religious revival.

Young people have been influential in introducing new forms of music into the churches. "Teen-agers across the country are casting aside their choir robes and taking up musical instruments to fill the churches with the sounds of today," began one statement from the American Music Conference.

Jazzman Duke Ellington has performed with his orchestra in churches around the country. *Jesus Christ Superstar* premiered in Manhattan's St. Peter's Lutheran Church, and Webber and Rice played their album in other U.S. churches.

Folk masses were popular in the Roman Catholic Church until the Vatican recently ruled against liturgical "experimentation." Yet even Vatican Radio is going pop. It features a monthly popular music show which is broadcast worldwide. Coming up on the series will be excerpts from *Jesus Christ Superstar* which was originally rejected by Italian State radio and television.

Churches are backing folk groups, such as the Light Company which is sponsored by the United Methodist Board of Evangelism. This trio of United Methodist ministers, all in their mid 20s, "proclaim the Christian faith in the medium of contemporary music." They call themselves traveling evangelists and play on college campuses, in churches, and schools—wherever they are invited to give their witness.

In Rockville, Md., the Faith United Methodist Church choir recorded the *Now Faith* album featuring such songs as *Turn Us On* and *Whatever Happened to What's His Name With the Bearded Face?* Another album song, *Immortal, Invisible,* combined an old hymn with a new tune and became popular on disc-jockey programs.

As John O'Connor said in *The Wall Street Journal,* "Religion seems to be selling now. If it sells enough, look for the hip-record producers to switch from beards, mustaches, metal eyeglass frames and bellbottoms to a more spiritual jeans-and-sandals image." □

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BOOKS

SINCE the Publishing House moved TOGETHER's editorial offices to Park Ridge, Ill., 9 years ago I have lived full time in the suburbs, driving between Evanston, where I live, and Park Ridge instead of commuting to Chicago on the train.

I had worked in the Loop or near North Michigan Avenue for 20 years before that and I enjoyed Chicago. I still miss the tempo of the city. And on icy mornings in rush-hour traffic I wish I could sit back and read the paper or catnap on the way to work.

But things have changed. Just yesterday an old friend and I were asking each other if it's really safe to take the elevated trains into the Loop any more. Friends who used to enjoy the freedom of city living worry now about getting into self-service elevators in their own apartment buildings. Walking a block on any city street may be an invitation to mugging, or worse. Fear has invaded the suburbs, too, and even people who live in rural areas are more cautious than they used to be. Wherever we live, Americans are having to develop a personal attitude toward the violence that is happening all around us.

The best book I know of in this area is **Crime in America** (Simon and Schuster, $6.95), by a former attorney general of the United States, Ramsey Clark. It examines the facts, diagnoses the causes of criminal behavior, and proposes specific things that we have to do if we are going to get rid of the causes of crime. And make no mistake, Ramsey Clark believes fervently that we can prevent nearly all the crime now suffered in America—if we care.

If you will look at a map of your city, he says, and mark the areas where there are slums, poor schools, high unemployment, widespread poverty, where sickness and mental illness are common, housing is decrepit and nearly every sight ugly, you will have marked the same places repeatedly. Poverty, illness, injustice, idleness, ignorance, human misery, and crime go together.

He charges that we are guilty of immense neglect, indifference, too little love: "If we are to prevent crime in the midst of increasing anxiety and fear, of complexity and doubt, our greatest need is reverence for life. A humane and generous concern for each individual, for his safety, his health and his fulfillment, will do more to soothe and humanize our savage hearts than any police power that man can devise," he writes.

For all that this rangy Texan in his early forties sounds like an evangelist, he is a practical law-enforcement man who has been praised by policemen and civil libertarians alike. He can rattle off statistics with the glibbest experts, demolish an opponent's argument, and go directly to the heart of the matter in a phrase. And he cares. He cares desperately about every human being caught up in the turmoil of crime and violence in which we all now live and are threatened by.

His book should be read by every American.

. . . take, eat

By Winifred Fitzwater Lorenz

This white wafer,
Paper thin and tasteless,
Is this the bread I am to eat?
Is this the symbol of His body,
His strong and rugged body
Tempered by toil,
Toughened by daily labor—
His virile active body?

Give me, rather, bread to chew on,
Brown and crusty,
Coarse and solid,
Baked from whole grain
Warmed and ripened in the sun,
Bread of substance;

That my remembering may be
Of One who lived a joyous life
Abounding in loving service,
Willing in sacrifice.

This is the body that was broken for me.

In **A Second Birthday** (Doubleday, $5.95) William Stringfellow writes about the baffling, apparently hopeless disease that wasted his body to the point of death, the pain that absorbed his consciousness, the beliefs that sustained him and gave him courage for dangerous surgery, and his feeling of rebirth when the surgery was successful.

He is a dedicated Christian, a brilliant thinker and a lucid writer, and there is strength here for anybody who must deal with the specters of pain and mortal fear.

Some people probably won't read **A Second Birthday** because William Stringfellow is a controversial figure. He and his friend, Anthony Towne, opened their house to Daniel Berrigan when the Jesuit priest was fleeing imprisonment after his conviction for destroying draft records in a Catonsville, Md., draft-board office.

A Second Birthday does contain some controversial reflections on the trial of the Catonsville Nine but its main thrust is Stringfellow's battle with illness and fear. Any judgment should be made on the total message rather than whether you agree or disagree with the author on all things.

Martin Luther launched the Reformation in 1517 by nailing his 95 theses against papal indulgence to the door of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg. Fou

and a half centuries later we are still struggling to come to terms with the issues he raised.

We find a portrait of the man in the midst of the complicated, turbulent times he came to symbolize in **Luther, His Life and Times** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $9.50). Richard Friedenthal has written a solid, interpretive work. To get the most out of it, you will need to have some prior knowledge of the outlines of Luther's life and the ferment of the 16th century.

Friedenthal sees Luther as a fundamentally conservative man who didn't intend to become a rebel but lived in a furious, rebellious age, and became its greatest revolutionary.

Talking with a youth group at the Seabrook, Texas, United Methodist Church, astronaut L. Gordon Cooper was asked what he thought about Soviet cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's having said that he had not found God in space.

He replied: "I didn't anticipate finding God up there. If you haven't found God here on earth, you wouldn't find Him in space."

The church's minister, Bob W. Parrott, tells the story in **Earth, Moon and Beyond** (Word, $4.95). Seabrook is the community where people connected with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration live, and here are astronauts, senior engineers, flight surgeons, Ph.D.s, secretaries, as well as shrimp fishermen and oilmen in Mr. Parrott's congregation.

In *Earth, Moon and Beyond* Mr. Parrott talks about the spiritual dimension of man's reaching out into space.

Rebel's Bible (Revell, $3.95) is really a collection of Bible verses, each followed by a short commentary in blank verse by the Rev. David Wilkerson.

These commentaries are plain-spoken and incisive, which should be no surprise because David Wilkerson is a man who can inspire respect from the street tough or put his arms around the addict in the agonies of kicking the habit. If you have read any of his books on his ministry to the teen-aged and the troubled, you know, too, that he is a writer who can hold your interest. Here, the depth, directness, and strong poetic form of his expressions is exciting. Open *Rebel's Bible* to any page, read two or three lines, and you will read more, and more . . . and more.

When Herbert Jenkins joined the Atlanta, Ga., police department in the early thirties, he joined the Ku-Klux Klan because members of the force who didn't had very little authority or

Vera Steele

Hundreds of thousands have shared her fears and doubts and joys about being a woman today. Now MARJORIE HOLMES asks:

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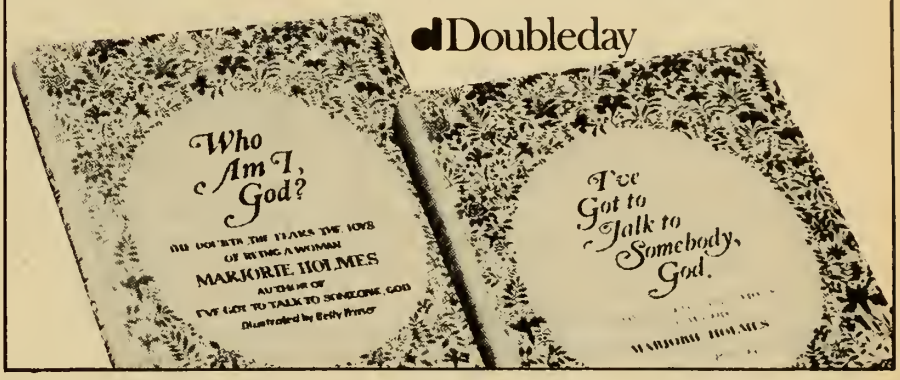

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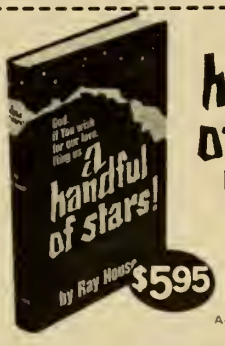

a handful of stars!
by Ray House

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influence. He resigned when he was told that new members would be assessed $15 for bed-sheet "uniforms."

"I had nothing further to do with them," he says in **Keeping the Peace** (Harper & Row, $5.95, cloth; $2.45, paper). "I already wore a uniform and had no intention whatsoever of covering it with a bed sheet."

His pride in his police uniform has never left him through 30 years of change. He became Atlanta's chief of police in 1947 and recently served as the only police officer on the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. In *Keeping the Peace* he talks about change and how his department has responded to, even kept ahead of, it. He offers no prescriptions for society's ills, but he gives a reasoned look at what a police force can become under enlightened, responsible leadership. Both the radical right and the radical left could learn from it.

Washington Post columnist Nicholas von Hoffman was a community organizer with Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation before he became a newspaperman, and his *Post* column, which also appears in other metropolitan dailies, is about what is going on among the young, the black, and the poor.

In **Left at the Post** (Quadrangle, $5.95) we have a sampling. Von Hoffman's acerbic wit is as cutting as a sword. More often than not he seems to be on the brink of boiling over with passionate conviction.

TOGETHER's picture editor, George Miller, who has reading time on planes and in motel rooms on photography trips, took *Left at the Post* with him recently and came back to say that like pepper it should be used sparingly: "Alone it tastes pretty bad." He suggests that you read a column and then put the book down and balance it with one of William Buckley's columns before going on to Von Hoffman's next one. I was surprised at this because George has been more exposed to the world Von Hoffman writes about than most moderates, and he understands it better.

George insists, though, that each Von Hoffman column is a gem.

The night *The Chalk Garden* opened in New York City, Noel Coward, no mean playwright himself, was heard to exclaim to the woman next to him: "For those who love words, darling! For those who love words . . ." Enid Bagnold, who wrote *The Chalk Garden* and numerous other plays and novels, remembers this fondly in her **Autobiography** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $8.95). This life story of hers, too, is a delight for those who love words . . . or people.

Miss Bagnold, now in her 80s and the widow of Sir Roderick Jones, who headed the British news agency Reuters, was "born with the first motor cars," romped through childhood in England and Jamaica, went up to London to find love and life when she was 19, found both, and came to know many interesting and important people in the course of an interesting life.

Her ability to put the changing tempos and moods of the 20th century onto paper is flawless. She is, in turn, the active, inquiring, excited child; the headstrong young girl working for Frank Harris, deep in the life of literary London; the young woman learning to be wife, mother, mistress of servants, and hostess to large dinner parties; the successful playwright; the wife despairingly watching her husband die; and the octogenarian experiencing the "strange newness" of old age's infirmities, impatiently trying to use sticks and crutches, living alone, and yet discovering: "Oddly enough, I am not unhappy."

At all ages she is fascinating.

A young mother who lived in the same New York City apartment building Eleanor Roosevelt lived in needed to go to a wedding but her maid was called away and could not take care of the baby. The substitute sitter, too, wasn't able to come, and the young woman remembered that her maid knew Mrs. Roosevelt's maid.

Hoping the Roosevelt maid could recommend someone, she went to the Roosevelt apartment to be completely flabbergasted when Mrs. Roosevelt herself opened the door. When she explained why she had come, the former First Lady said that she w sorry but it was her maid's day c "But if you like, I shall be happy baby-sit for you myself," she offer calmly, assuring the young moth that she was a very experienced sitt from having stayed with her o grandchildren.

When the baby's mother returne she gave her a complete report: s had changed the baby once, and s had fed it once. The rinsed bot stood on the kitchen sink, and t nipple was soaking in a jar filled w water.

Countless other Americans receiv completely unexpected, equally pra tical and unassuming help from M Roosevelt, and Stella K. Hershan h gathered some of their recollectio into **A Woman of Quality** (Crow $5.95). It is an absorbing testame to that great lady's humanity, co passion, and sensibleness.

I had never thought that I wou see a phonograph record in a di tionary, but I found exactly that the Second College Edition **Webster's New World Dictionary the American Language** (Worl $8.95). However, the small, flexib record is described on the label a "an audio supplement to the pronu ciation guide and phonemic symbol in the dictionary.

There are more than 157,00 entries in this newest Webster's, i cluding over 20,000 new terms an meanings. Over 12,000 terms a identified as Americanisms—thos words or meanings that first becam a part of the language in the Unite States.

Another plus for this new dictiona —the pages are crisp, opaque whit easy to read in spite of small typ because the material on the other sid does not show through.

It would be expensive, but ho nice it would be to have two copie of **The Golden Apple** (Atheneu $4.95). One copy, of course, woul be for reading to your preschoole The other would be to cut out th pictures for framing.

Celestino Piatti's pictures are stron in color, design, and appeal. Th story about the golden apple tha hung from a tree in the midst of th wood, and the animals who eac claimed it as their own, is told simpl and compellingly by Max Bolliger.

—*Helen Johnso*

Fiction

I GET letters from United Methodists who tell me about a book which they think I ought to read and call to the attention of TOGETHER's readers. Sometimes they are wrong, sometimes right, but I always ead the books.

And while this column was never meant to be a place here writers got special consideration just because they ere United Methodists, neither was it meant to be a lace where they were automatically shut out for the me reason. So when the galleys of A HANDFUL OF ARS by Ray House arrived from Touchstone Publishing o. (P.O. Box 21318, Louisville, Ky. 40221, $5.95), I read em. Now I give you my report.

I was prejudiced in the book's favor from the beginning nce the title comes from a poem by Louis Untermeyer titled *Caliban in the Coal Mines*. It has long been one my favorites, and I preached a sermon on it when was a very young preacher.

I read the book with both pleasure and profit. It deals th the Appalachian region of West Virginia, and its haracters are the hill folks of the much-discussed, much-glected, and, so far as the author is concerned, much-ved section of our country. The central character is ss Tolliver, and the book is essentially the story of his e. His Uncle Hugh is a schoolteacher, while his Uncle ck is an open, carefree kind of man who drinks too uch. Both are very fond of Jess and teach him a great al about life.

There is the ancient feud between the Tollivers and keses which comes out all right in the end when Hugh lliver marries Loki Sikes's sister who is going to have aaby by Zack Tolliver who never got around to marrying r before he was killed. Jess goes on to the university. falls in love with Opal Nadine, daughter of a wealthy erator, but doesn't get around to marrying her until aer their son is born. Yet, the book is a fine story. While it does not ignore some of the seamier sides of life and deals frankly with human relationships, it has people wo are decent, honorable, and good.

One important figure is Mr. Jonah whose father was a meowner without much social conscience. Jonah comes bk from the war to give his life to the mountain people wo have suffered much exploitation by the rich and the p ud. Jonah is a great believer in ecology, and this emphasis in the book makes it particularly timely. Jonah disappears suddenly, providing something of a mystery to the story until he is found murdered. Altogether he is one of those persons who through simplicity and dedication lift up our hearts.

I have to say the story comes to a sentimental, unrealistic conclusion, and the movie business, used as a contrivance for telling the story, is also somewhat artificial. But in spite of this, I recommend it to you as a book that will give you a new point of view toward Appalachia and also an appreciation for ordinary people displaying an amazing amount of courage and decency. Even Uncle Zack, who ended his life in Akron where so many Southern mountainmen had gone to make a living, discovers some good things in that environment.

I hope that one day I shall have a chance to meet Mr. House personally—a man who writes a book like this is certainly a man I want to know.

THE LATECOMERS by E. M. Nathanson (Doubleday, $6.95) starts fairly well, but it turns out to be a typical novel. A great theme becomes trivial and phony. It has to do with the Valley of His Passion Park, Inc., a typical biblical fantasyland in the desert near Los Angeles. Here a former TV character is found murdered one morning by having been crucified literally on the cross in the park. Then it is learned that he was the one who actually played the Christ in the passion play being prepared in the park. It is around this incident, which you will have to admit is pretty dramatic, that the plot unfolds.

There is the sheriff's investigator who is looking for a chance to make an extra dollar or two out of this bizarre incident. There is a Las Vegas gambler, a part owner of the park, who has set up a Sodom and Gomorrah exhibit out of which he hopes to get gambling introduced into southern California. The headman, the Rev. Flodur X. Rudolf, is a religion peddler looking for a way to make money. He, too, is essentially a phony and a familiar character in my part of the country. Then, there is a former Catholic priest named Concert who has lost his faith but is essentially a decent kind of person.

Now, was Quest, the murdered man, Christ returned to earth or was he a Hollywood actor? He left a journal and there is some mystery connected with his personal record. How was he crucified, anyway? What relationship does a group of far-out hippies who resemble the Manson "family" have with the event?

You will have no trouble keeping interested in this book. It will lead you along with the tantalizing half-promise that it is going to turn into something important, but it never does. At the end I put it aside with the feeling that I had been duped.

If you are going to write a story following the main outlines of the passion of Christ, you should write with humility and the simplicity of a child. Unfortunately, Mr. Nathanson's story is just another modern novel using religion as a selling gimmick. To me it came through as one more revelation of the seamy side of my hometown, Hollywood.

But who can tell? They may make a movie out of it, and they may make it a successful novel (financially, I mean). This is a slicker story than *A Handful of Stars*, but the difference in depth between the two men who wrote these stories will be as apparent to you as it was to me. At least, such is my hope.

—*GERALD KENNEDY*

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

Jottings

One day last summer we sat down and wrote a letter to a "Mr. L. J. Stout" of San Antonio, Texas, saying, "We are keeping your poem *Immortality* for publication in a future issue.

"In the meantime," we continued, "we would like to get acquainted with you . . . If you will tell us about yourself, we will be grateful."

Well, as sometimes happens when initials are used, we had the wrong gender. "I am not 'Mr. L. J. Stout,' " declared the writer of *Immortality* which appears on this month's second cover. "I am 'Mrs. Virgil R. Stout,' as my husband's wife; I am 'Lela J. Stout' as a person; and as an author I am just plain 'L. J. Stout.' "

Mrs. Stout told us that she wrote *Immortality* while riding home on a city bus. It was March, she said, "and the world looked dark and gloomy—no more than I felt at the time. Yet looking through the window I could see signs that spring was coming, both to earth and myself."

Could there be a more appropriate inspiration for a poem with an Easter theme?

Courage comes in many packages, not all physical. Until he could talk it over with his son, the Rev. **J. Claude Evans**, chaplain to Southern Methodist University, had considered using a pen name for his article *Our Son Ran Away*, page 31.

"I have checked it all out with John," the father wrote us later, "and he is pleased over the prospect. He sees no reason for anonymity, and is willing to have his real name used, and for the article to have my by-line."

We sent a check in payment for the article, of course, and on receiving it, Mr. Evans told us: "I plan to split it with John."

As an author of regional—no, almost universal—literature, **Jesse Stuart** has been read by millions during a career that dates back into the 1930s. His *Sounds on the April Wind* in this issue [page 28] is an excerpt from one of his finest works, *The Year of My Rebirth*, published in 1956. The book is a a day-by-day journal kept by the prolific Stuart after a near-fatal heart attack forced him to begin life anew in the Kentucky valley where he was born.

He has 400 published short stories and 38 books to his credit. Most of them have their setting in rural Appalachia. His rhetoric, especially that of his fiction, is appealing and unforgettable, strictly Stuart.

He is an active United Methodist whose work has appeared in this magazine from time to time. He refuses to change his style for the slick sophistication so characteristic of much current writing. His tales about common folk, told in plain language, have a timelessness that makes even his earlier works as readable today as they were yesterday.

If "prolific" is the word for Jesse Stuart, it serves as well for Dr. **Edgar N. Jackson**, author of *Facing a Child's Concern About Death* [page 40].

Back in 1961 when he was named Man of the Month by *Pastoral Psychology* magazine, the late Halford E. Luccock wrote:

"Steadily through the years [he] has come into a place of great achievement and leadership in the fields of religious psychotherapy and personal and pastoral counseling. . . .

"One of the fascinating features of Dr. Jackson's work is that it has been rooted in the active parish. . . . He has resisted teaching offers, from full professorship to part-time teaching because, as he has said, 'I have wanted to work and write in the parish as a living laboratory.' "

Although he now is a retired member of the New York Conference of The United Methodist Church, Dr. Jackson still serves two small churches in Vermont. His hobbies, by the way, include bee farming and continuation of a writing career that has produced 18 books (nine of these professional-book-club selections), and more than 300 articles in secular, professional, and religious journals.

We don't recall that we have ever had two representatives of the same church in the same issue of TOGETHER. But it happens this month. The church is the First United Methodist Church of Madison, Wis., and the gentlemen in question are: the Rev. **J. Ellsworth Kalas**, pastor; and **Don Wilkinson**, a leading layman. Mr. Kalas stands in this month's Open Pulpit [page 48] with *My Redeemer Lives!*; and Mr. Wilkinson and his family are the subjects of a *People Called Methodists* feature on page 34.

To complete the picture, News Editor **John Lovelace**, who wrote the Wilkinson story, is a former member of the Madison church. As such he became personally acquainted with both the pastor and the present "chief steward" of Wisconsin agriculture.

—*Your Editor*

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For Life

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God of eternity,
God of now;

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To be aware, with yearning, of thy absence
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God of life,
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Keep thy life
In us.

— Jane Merchant

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